THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1866.

Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 2345. Single Number 5 Cents.

THE FIRST WIFE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAGGIE C. PYBURN.

He cannot put it quite away,
As though it never had been there;
The memory of that pure, pale face,
Framed in with bands of sunny hair.

The clear brown eyes so full of faith,
The lips so eloquent with truth;
The first that ever stirred his heart,
His early bride, his gentle Ruth!

Although for near a score of years
Within the churchyard she has lain;
Her grave made white with winter snow,
Or green with dripping April rain.

Although another one has come,
To nestle in her vacant place;
With eyes as tender as her own,
With form as fair, as sweet a face.

The twilight hour will find him oft
Within the busy city's mart;
His eyes with dreamy sadness filled,
Old memories stirring at his heart.

The busy scenes that round him lie,
The hopes, the cares fade quite away;
And in their place he sees a cot,
A garden at the close of day.

A fair girl looking shyly up,
Where grape-vines cluster on a wall;
Faint blushes running o'er her cheeks,
While round her apple-blossoms fall.

He almost fancies she comes back,—
Steals like a shadow to his side;
Her slender fingers touch his hair,
And o'er his forehead gently glide.

Ah me! he cannot quite forget,
As though it never had been there,
That pure, pale face, with earnest eyes,
Framed in with bands of sunny hair.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MOREland," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

FOR MEXICO.

From his arrival at Port-au-Prince—though not a little disheartened by a disaster which, to say nothing of extra expense and loss of time, was certainly not a good augury for the success of his expedition—General Mina had pushed everything forward with his accustomed energy, and was now once more ready to trust his life and fortune upon a hazardous venture. The Spanish schooner which had joined us in the Chesapeake, and had been wrecked in the bay by the tornado, he had replaced by another; and now three vessels rode at anchor, ready for sea; but in attempting to re-embark his men, he discovered that some were still sick, and that many had deserted. The deficiency, however, was soon supplied by a party of deserters from a French frigate lying in the roads; and toward the latter part of October, the order was given to weigh anchor, and the little fleet stood out to sea with a light breeze, and the *flowery isle* of Hayti gradually faded from our straining eyes.

"Farewell to thee, bright object of my brightest hopes!" sighed Maitland, as he stood upon the upper deck, and cast a longing look toward a dim point on the distant horizon. "Farewell, Corina! but not, I trust, forever."

I will not dwell upon the incidents of our second voyage, though there were many painful scenes which are marked in my memory by deep shades of sadness and of gloom. One of those long, oppressive calms of the tropics hung around us, and for many a day the sails clung idly to the masts and yards above what seemed to be a sea of burning glass. To add to our sufferings, that terrible scourge, the yellow fever, broke out on board of the several vessels; and many a poor fellow, who had set out with buoyant hopes, was destined to find his grave in the briny gulf. By some good fortune I escaped the contagion; but Forbes and Maitland both came down with it at the same time; and with a sad heart and gloomy forebodings, I stood by them and ministered to their wants, and had finally the joy of seeing them avoid the untimely fate of so many of their companions.

We were thirty long, tedious days in making a passage which should have been accomplished in ten; and all this time the yellow fever was busy in our midst, prostrating one after another, and taking some of our bravest and noblest spirits from among us. On board the largest vessel, no less than sixty lay sick at one time, the majority of whom recovered; but the schooner was so completely unmanned that we were obliged to take her in tow.

At last, with rapturous delight, we hailed the Mexican coast, which then stretched along the low seaward borders of Texas. Our first landing was effected at what was then called the Grand Cayman Island, where we procured a plentiful supply of turtle, which, together with cool northern breezes, soon produced a wonderful change for the better in our sanitary condition. Here the sick were placed on board the schooner, and left in the harbor of Galveston, while the brig and ship proceeded to San Luis, our original destination; where, as he had expected, General Mina fell in with Commodore Aury, a Mexican Patriot Naval Commander, with whom it was his hope to establish a permanent alliance, make a united descent upon some Mexican settlement of importance, and effect a junction with some strong division of the Patriot army.

Had we arrived at a favorable season of the year, it is more than likely the plans of Mina would have been immediately carried out; but the same series of misfortunes which had threatened to annihilate the expedition from the very start, still continued to thwart his hopes at every step. The well-known northers, which at certain seasons render the navigation of the Mexican coast the most dangerous in the world, had just set in; and as there was no safe anchorage for the vessels where they were, it was deemed expedient to land the men and stores, and send the former to New Orleans.

Accordingly, an encampment was laid out on the Grand Cayman, a little to the westward of the present city of Galveston, then a miserable village. Here, on a marshy level, we first pitched our tents, and were regularly mustered into service, organized into companies and divisions, and furnished with uniforms, arms, munitions and rations.

The first company in which I found myself enrolled, was composed principally of American officers, very few of whom could speak the Spanish language, and styled the Guard of Honor of the Mexican Congress. Of this company General Mina took command as Captain, one Colonel Young as Lieutenant, and so on down, according to rank, till officers of minor grade were lost in the ranks as mere privates. This arrangement it was understood was only to be continued till such time as an accession of volunteers would enable each man to take his proper rank in newly organized companies of native Mexicans.

Now began the regular and somewhat monotonous round of camp life—though it must be confessed the discipline of the whole corps was not very severe, and we all took turns in hunting and fishing, for which the island at that time afforded most capital sport. The chaplain of the regiment, a Spanish priest, gave our whole company daily instructions in his native language; and by the time that those who were previously unacquainted with the Castilian tongue, had become familiar with a few of the simplest words and phrases, Forbes and myself had not only refreshed our memories of early instructions, but had added so much new knowledge, that the kind-hearted Dr. Murillo declared that, with a little practice, we might pass as genuine natives.

There were many incidents connected with our stay on the Grand Cayman, which perhaps would prove interesting to the reader; among which might be mentioned a mutiny in the camp of Aury; the passing over from him to Mina of one regiment of Americans; the preparations for a battle on the ground; the subsequent quarrel between Mina and Aury; the discovery of a diabolical plot to assassinate Mina, in which young Correa was the principal actor; and so forth and so on: but as it is my intention for the most part to confine myself in this narrative to personal adventures of my own, I crave permission to pass on to scenes of even more romantic and thrilling interest.

Let me say then in brief, that we remained on the Grand Cayman through the winter of 1816–17; and, on the last of March, re-embarked and sailed for Soto la Marina, a small but flourishing pueblo on the river Santander, some eighteen leagues above its mouth. Misfortune still attended us. We left the harbor of Galveston with a fleet of seven sail, having on board the combined forces of Aury and Mina; but encountering much tempestuous weather, we were separated and nearly lost, besides suffering not a little for want of water and provisions.

At last, after many vicissitudes and perils, the Cleopatra, which carried the General and Staff and Guard of Honor, and consequently myself and friends, came to anchor off the mouth of the Santander; and the next day, and the day following, we were joined by the remainder of the fleet, which came in one at a time.

As soon as we were all once more together, General Mina issued an address to his companions in arms, in which he reminded us that we were now about to enter a country occupied by friends and foes; that we had come hither on the sacred mission of giving freedom to the oppressed and winning the glory accorded to valiant and noble deeds; and that we were therefore in honor bound to abstain from pillage—to respect the manners, customs and religion of the country—and, as far as possible, to obtain the good will of all honest citizens.

As the mouth of the Santander was very narrow and obstructed by a bar, over which not even the smallest of our fleet could pass; and as Mina had resolved to open hostilities by making a capture of Soto la Marina, at this time reported to be garrisoned by a Royalist force under one Don Felipe La Garza; the troops were ordered to advance upon the town in two divisions—one by the river, in boats, with the field-pieces, and the other by land.

As I belonged to the land division; and as the mouth of the Santander was intersected by large bayous and ponds—stretching far along the coast on either hand, and thus compelling us to a long, round-about journey; and as our guide, though a native of the Province, lost his way, and thus caused considerable delay; we were three days marching, under a burning sun, and much of the time without a drop of fresh water to moisten our parched lips and swollen tongues; while at night, as we threw our weary bodies upon a bed of heated sand, or beside a damp, malarious marsh, millions of poisonous insects hovered around us and tormented us out of our sleep.

On the third day, about the middle of the afternoon, we came in sight of Soto la Marina, and a loud cheer attested our joy. A halt was now ordered, and we were put in readiness for action, in case we should meet with resistance. After a rest of half an hour, the march was resumed, and we advanced at a quick step upon the town, with drums beating and colors flying, each man resolved that his body should lie within the limits of the village, either in life or in death.

But we met with no resistance. La Garza and his troops had fled—and with him the most respectable of the inhabitants—who, through his false representations, had been brought to look upon us as a band of heretic robbers, seeking blood and pillage. The Curate, however, and some of the poorer people, awaited our approach—and the former received Mina with open arms, and expressions of satisfaction.

We marched into the plaza without opposition; and General Mina took possession of the place in the name of Liberty; and that night, for the first time since quitting our vessels, we slept in comfortable quarters.

On the following morning General Mina issued his proclamation; in which he offered protection to the persons and property of all who should peaceably remain at their homes; but threatened with confiscation those who had deserted the town, unless they should return within a given time. This, with the printed manifesto which immediately followed—(we carried a printing press and types with us)—in which he clearly set forth his views, and stated the objects of the expedition—had the effect of restoring many of the inhabitants, and bringing in a large number of the neighboring peasantry, not less than a hundred of whom at once volunteered to serve under the banner of Mina, and were accepted and enrolled forthwith.

To be brief, in less than a week our numbers were augmented by two hundred recruits—several of whom, including two officers of note, were deserters from the Royal corps; and with this accession of men, and nearly as many horses—procured from different sources, and with which Mina at once organized a large force of cavalry—we began to look upon ourselves as quite a formidable little army, and our hopes and enthusiasm rose in proportion.

CHAPTER X.

MY FIRST COMMAND.

At the time of which I write, Soto la Marina was a small but pleasant village, occupying an elevated site on the northern bank of the river Santander, eighteen leagues above its junction with the Gulf of Mexico. Like all Mexican villages that I have ever seen, it had a large square or plaza in the centre, from which diverged the different streets, and upon which fronted the principal buildings, including the cathedral, prison, government offices, and shops of trade. The principal dwellings were two stories in height, built of adobes, or sun-dried bricks, and painted to suit the tastes of the owners. A few presented a blank wall to the street; but the majority had long, narrow, grated, prison-like windows; and all were entered by a large gate in the centre, which opened into a *patio*, or inner court; around which, on the lower floor, were ranged the sleeping-rooms of the menials, together with workshops, kitchen, stables, granaries, offices, and the like; while the upper apartments were devoted exclusively to the family and their guests.

It was in one of these dwellings of the better class, which fronted upon the plaza, that the Guard of Honor was quartered; and one morning, as I was lounging in the *sala*, or hall, with some half-a-dozen of my companions, and secretly wishing I might be put upon some active service, an orderly presented himself at the door and called out my name.

"Here!" cried I, springing to my feet with more alacrity than I had displayed for many a day.

"Lieutenant Laurens, General Mina desires to see you immediately!" replied the orderly, making a military salute and wheeling on his heel.

I hurried across the plaza, through a crowd of citizens and soldiers—the gay, parti-colored costumes of the former, and the glittering arms and bright uniforms of the latter, presenting a lively, picturesque ensemble—and, entering a large building, above which floated the flag of freedom, I gave my name to an officer in waiting, and was at once conducted into the presence of the General, who was slowly walking up and down a fine apartment, dictating to a pale, delicate young man, who was writing at a table covered with papers.

"Ha! my friend!" said the General, coming forward and taking my hand; "I promised to give you service at the earliest opportunity; and if you are disposed to take command of a small detachment of dragoons, I will keep you busy for a day or two at least."

"I would prefer any service to idleness, your Excellency!" returned I.

"Step this way," he said, opening a door into a small, neat apartment; "I wish to avoid the possibility of being overheard. About seven leagues from here," he pursued, "is the hacienda of Palo Alto, owned and occupied by one Don Ramon de La Mora, who secretly reports himself well affected toward our cause; but for fear of the displeasure of General La Garza, who is still hovering about us, with some three hundred troops under his command, is afraid to act openly. Don Ramon is rich—it is even said that he has a hundred thousand dollars in specie stored in one of his vaults—and I am disposed to give him an opportunity to act as generously as he may desire, and at the same time manage the matter in such a way, that whatever he may bestow voluntarily shall seem to be taken from him by force: thus he will serve us, and not expose himself and family to the persecutions of the Royalists.

"Besides money, he has a large stock of cattle, horses, and provisions; and a fair proportion of each I must have, either as a free gift or through compulsion. Now I have prepared two letters, which I wish you to present to him; one of which he can destroy as soon as read; and the other retain, to show to whomsoever it may concern. The first is a friendly epistle, asking him to assist the cause of freedom to whatever extent he may feel able and willing, and explaining in what manner he may clear himself of all suspicion of voluntary aid; and the second is a formal demand, in the name of the Mexican Congress, for a thousand fanegas of grain, a hundred head of cattle, fifty horses, and twenty-five thousand dollars in specie. Now when he reads these letters, I wish you to observe him closely, and thus judge to the best of your ability what are his real feelings in the matter, and report to me as soon as possible. Your force will be too small to bring much away with you, even should he be disposed to favor you, and therefore you need not make the attempt—for whether he is willing to serve our cause or not, I shall send a party strong enough to guard safely into our camp whatever may be seized. Do you fully understand me?"

"I think I do, your Excellency!" I replied.

"Well, this is not all. It is reported to me that there is to be a fandango, or ball, at Don Ramon's to-night, and that La Garza and several of his officers are expected to be present; and should this report and anticipation prove to be correct, it would certainly be a brilliant opening-stroke to make them prisoners. The advantages which would result to us from an affair in itself of so little importance, I have reason to believe would be almost marvelous. There are hundreds and thousands who are with us in heart, but who are holding back through fear of committing themselves by an overt act to a cause that may be too weak to keep them from the clutches of their vindictive oppressors; but only let the report go abroad, at this moment of wavering, that we have captured a Royalist General, and the first impulse will send them to our standard in such numbers as will make our present foothold secure, and render our future anticipations certain of fulfillment. Thus you see, Mr. Laurens, I am about to entrust you with an important commission, and I scarcely need add that your success will insure your immediate promotion."

"I am deeply obliged to your Excellency," returned I, "for the honor you do me, in selecting me from among so many experienced officers for the execution of a trust of so much importance; and I assure you, if I fail, it shall not be from any negligence of mine."

"I was satisfied of that before I made the selection," he replied. "You will set out forthwith. The letters are ready—twenty picked men are awaiting your orders—and in the armory you will find the equipments you need. My informant, one Don Pedro Ormeus will be your guide; but I have not too much faith in the man, and therefore caution you to watch him closely. Should you find him treacherous, let his life be the penalty. About a mile from Palo Alto, there is a thick wood, in which you had better conceal your men till after dark, when you must be guided by circumstances and your own judgment."

The General gave me some further hints and instructions; and in less than an hour I was leaving Soto la Marina by the Santander road, at the head of twenty mounted men, mostly Americans, and as gallant a little band as one could wish to have the honor of commanding.

By my side rode the guide, gaily mounted upon a sleek, black little mustang, which seemed to take as much pride in the national caracole as his master. The man was about thirty years of age, small and swarthy, with long, black hair, and sharp, coal-black eyes, that looked out from under beetling brows with a quick, suspicious, nervous glance, and an expression not calculated to inspire confidence—and with this expression the whole countenance was in keeping. He wore a black, heavy moustache, with a long imperial, which lost itself in a pointed beard under his chin, not unlike what I have seen in old portraits of Castilian heroes.

His dress, in the style of the true Mexican cavalier, was very gay and showy. His black, conical-shaped *sombrero** was ornamented with a silver cord and tassel; his blue *xaqueta*,† besides being fancifully embroidered, glittered with rows of silver buttons; and his showy *camisola*‡ and *calzoncillos*,‖ the latter seen through the slashings of his velveteen *calzones*,§ looked as if just from the hands of the laundress. He wore boots of untanned leather, with enormous spurs; and a crimson silk sash, around his waist, covered his sword-belt.

His horse was also richly caparisoned—the bridle, saddle, martingales, and cloth, fairly glittering with silver mountings and silver lace; for your true Mexican delights in gaudy finery; and next to the adornment of his own important person, he considers the decoration of his riding horse one of the essentials of life, and not unfrequently spends quite a little fortune upon the two.

Like nearly all of his countrymen, Don Pedro was a splendid horseman, and he knew it. He rode *a lo Mejicana*, with feet drawn back of the line perpendicular, and front body pressed against the high pommel of his saddle, sitting firm and still, and straight as an arrow from head to foot; and as he put his frisky little mustang through several graceful manœuvers, I more than once caught his eye furtively seeking some expression of admiration from his *compañeros del camino*.

I did not like the man; and had I not been cautioned by the General, I should never have thought of trusting him further than compelled by necessity. I fancied he perceived I did not like him, and that this aversion was mutual; and once, on turning my head suddenly, I caught him looking at me with a most malignant scowl; but his features changed to a bland expression almost instantly; and riding close up to me, he said, in Spanish, with a polite bow:

"Senor Capitan, will you do me the honor to smoke a cigar with me?"

"I will do myself the pleasure," returned I, determined not to be outdone in civility.

I accordingly took the cigar he proffered; when he immediately produced flint, steel, and punk, and struck fire as he rode along. As soon as our cigars were lighted, he resumed:

"We have just a pleasant ride before us to-day, and need be in no haste."

"Do you know the object for which we have set out?" inquired I, warily—for how far he had been trusted, or had penetrated our design, I had yet to learn; and I was resolved to get all I could from him, but communicate nothing in return.

"I suppose your object is to pay a friendly visit to Don Ramon de La Mora after dark, and invite some of his distinguished guests, in case he has any such, to return with you!" he said, with a meaning smile, and a cunning twinkle of his small, black eyes.

"And why, sir, do you suppose anything of the kind?" I rejoined.

"Simply from the fact, that I conveyed to General Mina the intelligence that Don Ramon is waiting and eager to serve him secretly—also that General La Garza and staff would be there to-night—and because, after hearing my story, your General did me the honor to request me to serve as guide to the very detachment which is now on its way thither."

"How did you obtain the information you conveyed to General Mina?"

"You must pardon me, Senor Capitan! but every man has his secrets."

"Oh, if it is a secret," said I, with some little confusion, "of course I do not wish to know it."

"So I thought, Senor Capitan!" he returned, dryly, puffing out a volume of smoke, and quietly knocking the ashes from his cigar.

"Do you know this General La Garza?" I inquired, after a brief pause.

"I know him, and I *hate* him!" he replied, somewhat fiercely. "He is a tyrant, and I hate tyrants."

"You are on the side of freedom then?"

"Si, Senor! I am for the freedom of all men, in all things. General Mina will succeed: there are thousands with him in heart that he knows not of."

"But they should make themselves known, and be with him in *deed*, if they would insure his success!" returned I.

"True! and so they will, after he shall have gained one or two signal victories. His numbers are few now, and his foes many; and some who would be his friends openly, have a fear of confiscation, imprisonment, and death."

"At least you are not one of these."

"Which, Senor Capitan?"

"Who hold back through fear."

"You flatter me, Senor Capitan! though the family of Ormeus was always brave, and I have

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* Hat.
† Jacket.
‡ Ruffled shirt.
‖ Drawers.
§ Trowsers.

always been proud to be known as the son of my father."

After some further conversation, in which I made an unsuccessful attempt to find out something of Don Pedro's past life and family history, the conversation turned upon the family of Don Ramon de La Mora, whom we were about to visit.

"If you have a heart to lose, Senor Capitan," he said, with a peculiar smile, "beware how you look upon Senorita Carlota!"

"Ah, indeed!" said I, with increasing interest; "and who, pray, is Senorita Carlota?"

"The daughter of Don Ramon, and the belle of the province."

"Young and beautiful?"

"Young, beautiful, and wealthy, Senor Capitan."

"And have I any hope of seeing her?"

"If you enter the dwelling of her father to-night."

"But how shall I gain an invitation to the presence of this beauty?"

"Nothing easier," he answered. "You have business with Don Ramon; he is a gentleman—you are another; and of course his dwelling and all it contains will be placed at your disposal."

"I do not understand you."

"I see you are Americano, and a stranger to our customs, so unlike yours of the colder North. A gentleman here offers all he has to his visitor; but his visitor, if a gentleman, only accepts his hospitality. You will accept Don Ramon's hospitality, and thus join the ball, and behold Senorita Carlota."

"And lose my heart?"

"*Quien sabe?*" he returned, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"But suppose La Garza is there, with his officers? and perhaps a detachment of his troops?"

"Well, what then, Senor Capitan?"

"It would not be pleasant for me to be made a prisoner just at this time."

"You have twenty good followers," he replied, with a glance over his shoulder; "and why should he not become your prisoner?"

"But think you such a bold proceeding as the capture of her father's guests, would be the shortest way to the heart of the fair Carlota?" returned I, with a laugh.

"Who knows?" he answered, gravely. "Bravery to the eye of beauty, is what beauty is to the eye of bravery; and Senorita Carlota may not like the enemies of her country, even though they be her father's guests."

"And would it please you to see La Garza a prisoner?"

"Else why am I here as a guide to his enemies?" he inquiringly replied.

"It strikes me, Don Pedro, that unless you intend to act boldly with us through the whole struggle, you are even now acting too boldly for your own safety."

"Each man sees with his own eyes, and it often happens that two do not see alike," he rejoined, with a nonchalant air.

We conversed much in the same strain for an hour or two longer, as we quietly rode along over a level, thinly populated, but heavily wooded country—the thick foliage of the many beautiful trees excluding the hot rays of the ascending sun from our flowery path—but I found my guide an enigma that I could not solve. That he was a man of experience, intelligence, and close observation—naturally keen, shrewd, subtile and crafty—needed no Solomon to divine; but was he for us or against us? an open friend or a secret foe? This was the point which most concerned me to settle, and which I could not decide.

But I was not long to be kept in doubt.

CHAPTER XI.

PALO ALTO.

We travelled slowly, for the day was hot and we did not care to reach our destination before the setting of the sun. Once we stopped for an hour or two beside a bright little stream, in a shaded valley, and allowed our horses to refresh themselves upon the luxuriant grass which spread before us a beautiful carpet of green. We here took our noon-day meal, of provisions we had brought with us, and ate with that relish which the plainest fare seldom fails to yield when taken after fatigue in the open air in the great and beautiful temple of nature. Resuming our journey, we crossed a low range of hills, passed over a large, open field and through a dense chaparral, entered the more open wood mentioned by General Mina, and came in sight of the hacienda of Palo Alto just as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the mountain-peaks to the westward.

Palo Alto was pleasantly situated in a fertile valley; and the large, fortified dwelling of Don Ramon, with its serrated parapet and loop-holed turrets—the neat little chapel, with its belfry and spire—the massive but less imposing out-buildings, and the small, brown cottages of the peons—all together presented quite a picturesque appearance. As I looked upon it from the edge of a distant wood, the solemn toll of the vesper-bell came sweetly down the soft breeze; and at the same moment I saw a body of horsemen ride out from a clump of trees near the place, and, after a few fanciful manœuvres, as if to display their equestrian skill, gallop up to the main gate of the dwelling and disappear.

"The Holy Virgin favors us!" said Don Pedro, in a low tone: "you cavaliers are the Senor General Don Felipe La Garza and staff,—I was sure they would be there to-night. Now, Senor Commandante, you have only to ride boldly forward, surround the dwelling, and they are your prisoners."

"And did I say it was my intention to make them prisoners?" returned I, coldly—for there was something in the tone, manner and look of the guide that I did not like; and in spite of the fact that I had seen nothing to justify the conclusion, I could not rid myself of the suspicion that he meditated treachery towards myself and comrades.

"Whether you mentioned such intention or not, is immaterial," he somewhat haughtily replied; "but if you are a brave man, and wish to serve the cause of the Patriots, you will do it, or at least make the attempt."

"And when I do," returned I, "I shall choose my own time and way."

"Well," he rejoined, "my part is done—I have conducted you to a point within sight of Palo Alto—and now, by your good leave, I will bid you adios."

"By my good leave you will not, just at present, Don Pedro!" said I, riding up within reach of his bridle-rein.

"By the Virgin of Guadalupe! do you intend to make *me* a prisoner!" he fiercely demanded, laying his hand upon the hilt of his Toledo.

"Do not get excited," returned I, quietly but firmly; "I mean you no harm; but I do not think it prudent to let you depart at this critical point of time and in an angry mood. Remember, Senor, you are a stranger to me, and, for aught I know, may be an enemy to our cause."

"How can you harbor such an idea, after what I have done?" he inquired, in a less haughty tone.

"And pray what have you done?"

"Risked my life to convey to your General the information which has brought you here."

"I see not how you have risked your life, Senor!"

"Have I not run the risk of being seen by some who know me, and who perhaps would take pleasure in reporting me to La Garza, or some other Royalist commander? and think you, if it were known to one of these blood-thirsty tyrants, that I have consorted with his enemies, and even aided them, that I would not be hunted down like a wild beast?"

"Well," returned I, "whatever risk you have run is past, and I see not how your leaving us now could change it for the better."

"It is not to avoid unpleasant consequences for what I have done, that I desire to leave you, but because I have business in another part of the country which should be attended to immediately. The matter I mentioned was only to convince you that your suspicions of my integrity are unfounded."

"An hour or two can certainly make no great difference," said I; "and by that time matters will probably be so arranged that I can spare you."

"I am then to consider myself your prisoner for the time being?"

"You select very unpleasant words, Don Pedro! I do not wish you to consider yourself a prisoner; and yet, situated as I am at this moment, I would not like to see you depart. A good soldier must needs be prudent as well as brave, and should always be on his guard; and I trust a little reflection will convince you that surrounding circumstances render my request not unreasonable."

"I think differently, Senor Comandante," he replied, with the same haughty air as at first. "I have performed my part in good faith; and your detention of my person, one moment beyond my inclination, is an impeachment of my motives—an insult to my integrity and honor."

"Very well, Senor, if you choose to put such a construction upon my prudence, so be it, and so let it rest. It is useless to discuss the matter further, for I am resolved to keep you with us till I shall see proper to let you depart!"

"By the blessed Virgin! you speak boldly for a youth!"

"I speak exactly what I mean—neither more nor less."

"You had better make me a prisoner at once!" he sneered.

"Very well, Senor—I take you at your word. You will please deliver up your arms!"

"You are not in earnest, Senor!"

"Never more so."

"I shall report this treatment to General Mina."

"As you please. Come, your arms, Senor!"

With a low-muttered malediction, he drew his sword and presented it to me, and next his holster-pistols; but there was a moment when I fancied he meditated giving me the contents of the latter and making a dash for his life. As soon as I had received his weapons, I called up a couple of my men, and gave him into their charge, with the remark:

"You will be answerable for his safety."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Remarkable Escape from Drowning.

One of the ablest and most useful divines of Philadelphia, the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D.D., made so narrow an escape from death by drowning, last week, that we record it for the benefit of others in like position.

There was a pic-nic at Moorestown, N. J., among the participants of which were the Rev. Dr. Smith, his wife, and children. Near to the village is an extensive pond, and in it some of the excursionists had proposed to bathe. Dr. Smith had previously provided himself with a bathing-dress, and thus equipped plunged into the ample basin. The miniature lake in question is, perhaps, a quarter of a mile in breadth. Dr. Smith is an experienced swimmer. He crossed its greatest depth, turned back, and was making his way to the shore. He felt a sort of dead, heavy weight dragging him down. He was unable to account for it. His strength was vigorous, and he struck out with all his force, yet, strange to say, in vain. A baffled swimmer's next resort is to tread water. Gentlemen who witnessed the extreme peril of Dr. Smith, though not knowing that it existed, tell us that this was also abortive. He successfully rose to the surface and sank beneath it three times. The third time he shouted for help.

A boat was rowed out, and with one hand he caught its gunwale. Drawing himself up by the elbow, he rested for a moment, and then threw himself into the boat. He was rowed ashore, and taken out in a condition as helpless as was Gulliver when fettered by the Lilliputs. Let all persons who attempt to swim in inland ponds take warning from this circumstance. From the bottom of the lake in question, fast rooted in a clayey ground, grows a species of aquatic grass, attaining an altitude of five feet or more. That reaches within about a foot of the surface of the water. In this grass, when raised into the boat, the arms and lower limbs of Dr. Smith were found to be literally ensnared. To bring him to the surface it was necessary to wrench up the grass by the roots. Dr. Smith, when he found himself thus fettered, expected to die. He was prepared for that; but the presence of his wife and children upon the brink of the pond, nerved him to almost superhuman exertion. The gentlemen who imparted to us the above facts says, also, that for a period of five hours the life of Dr. Smith, so great was his exhaustion, hung upon a single thread.

Persons who bathe in strange waters may do well to remember this. Many a pond and stream is covered, as to its bottom, with water plants that never reach to its surface, but that by the very motion of its swimmer's limbs are made to bind him as the withes bound Samson of old. —*Philadelphia North American.*

☞ RHYME AND REASON.—Eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep, and eight shillings a day, is the motto of an association of workmen in Lancashire, England.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

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In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

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NEWSPAPER MAPS.

We are sorry to see that some of our daily contemporaries are again beginning the practice of publishing what they call "military maps." The causes and motives of the present war in Europe are not very clear at the best—nor the accounts of the movements of the various armies very easily understood. Several persons of our acquaintance have already become a little insane in trying to understand these matters—judging from the confused character of their conversation on the subject. But if these military maps become general, with their bewildering conglomeration of false boundaries, impossible lines of battle, and unheard-of names, we apprehend the most lamentable consequences. "Did you ever hear of such a place as 'Phague?'" said an inveterate student of these maps, the other day. "Where is it?" we asked. "Why, on the river Elbe." "Then doubtless Prague was meant," we replied, "for that is on the Moldau, which is a tributary of the Elbe." "Oh, ah, yes, I see," replied our friend, a vacant smile faintly illuminating his once handsome and intelligent countenance. That is what he had come to, from a study of newspaper maps!

MOUNTAIN NAMES.

A correspondent of THE POST, Mr. George W. White, writing from the Rocky Mountains—Reynold's City, M. T.,—says that it is true, as was recently stated in our columns, that the settlers who come from the East overland, are called Tender Feet, because after a walk of 2,000 miles their feet are apt to be a little tender.

But those from the Pacific coast are called, he avers, Web Feet, because they are supposed to have made the journey by water, and also, he says, from "their continued quacking."

It is evident that there is some little rivalry between the Tender Feet and the Web Feet, the latter considering themselves comparatively old settlers, which the former do not like.

It is funny, the tendency of mankind to array themselves into opposite parties and clans—dividing sometimes upon a line as impalpable as the equinoctial. But it would seem that you must always manage to keep up heat, if you would have vigorous life.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM

BAINBRIDGE, Putnam Co., Ind., July 9, 1866.

HENRY PETERSON & Co.,

Dear Sirs:—You have my thanks for the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine you sent to me not long since. I have deferred this acknowledgment of its receipt that I might have ample time to test it thoroughly.

I have learned to work it successfully—believe it to be a perfect machine in every respect—am well pleased with it, and would not be willing to exchange it for any other machine. My friend, Miss E. A. Wingate, after giving it a fair trial, says it is far superior to the Grover & Baker and Howe Machines, and does better work than any machine she has ever used, and she was so fully convinced of these facts that she immediately purchased one of Wheeler & Wilson's eighty-five (85) dollar machines. I am more than satisfied with the little effort I have made to increase the list of subscribers to your valuable periodicals, THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND—both of which should be in every family—and I will continue what influence I may have in their favor.

Yours respectfully, SARAH J. DYER.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"Harvest Time,"—the harvest time of life as well as of the season—is the appropriate steel engraving of the August number of this beautiful periodical. The double and finely colored steel fashion plate is a gem, as usual. Then we have the usual number of wood-cuts illustrating the "Street Arabs," and the latest fashions in dresses, bonnets, hats, &c. The music is the song of "Childhood and Home." Among the literary contributions, we note "One Summer's Romance," by Clara Augusta; "The Banshee," by Mrs. Hosmer; "The Disputed Patrimony," by Auber Forestier; "The Distressed Bachelor," (concluded,) by Mrs. Oliphant; Novelties, Receipts, Fashions, &c. Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GOBLIN MARKET and other Poems. By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. We have not time at present to do justice to this volume of poems, which is worthy of high praise. Many of our readers probably will remember this verse from "The Prince's Progress:"—

"Too late for love, too late for joy,
Too late, too late!
You loitered on the road too long,
You trifled at the gate:
The enchanted dove upon her branch
Died without a mate;
The enchanted princess in her tower
Slept, died, behind the grate;
Her heart was starving all this while
You made it wait."

The following probably they have not seen:—

SONG.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And, if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

THE CONVERSION OF THE NORTHERN NATIONS The Boyle lectures for the Year 1865, Delivered at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. By CHARLES MERIVALE, B. D., author of "A History of the Romans under the Empire." Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.; and also for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

MEDICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. By JONATHAN LETTERMAN, M. D., Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac. Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.; and also for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

A BRIEF TREATISE UPON CONSTITUTIONAL AND PARTY QUESTIONS, and the history of Political Parties, as I received it orally from the late Senator Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois. By J. MADISON CUTTS, Brevet Lieut. Col. U. S. A. Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.; and also for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

BEAUTY AND BRILLIANCY IN CHESS A Collection of Games Ingeniously Contested and Ending with Scientific Problems. Culled from the Whole Range of Chess Literature. By MINOR J. HAZELTINE, Esq., Chess Editor "N. Y. Clipper," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.; and also for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

ELSTER'S FOLLY. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," &c. Another of Mrs. Wood's fascinating and absorbing romances. Just the reading for this warm weather; and an excellent book to take to the sea-shore or the mountains. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

A Bridegroom at a Wedding Breakfast.

Can anything be more forlorn and fearful than the position of a bridegroom at a wedding breakfast? True, he has the support of his friend, the groomsman, on the occasion, who, however, does not look cordially on the bride, and maintains within himself that his friend has made a very decided mistake in leading her to the altar, and will bitterly rue his marriage day before no very long time is over his head. But every one else is at war with the bridegroom. The father and mother are, of course, against him, and fail altogether to understand their daughter's conduct in accepting his suit. He's *her* friend, not theirs. The bridesmaids cry at him; is he not taking from them their dearest darling friend Mary Jane? Again, he's *her* friend, and not theirs. The bride's trustees eye him with suspicion, as a man who will, without doubt, try to upset the settlement, and give them no end of trouble, if he has the chance. Speeches are made to his disadvantage. So much anxiety is expressed as to the future happiness of the newly-wedded pair, that it is clear a good deal of doubt prevails about the business. In their friend the bride the assembled guests have every confidence; she will, they are satisfied, do her duty punctiliously in her new state of life. It is in relation to *her* friend and husband that their misgivings arise—gathering above his head like a dark cloud. Should he conduct himself worthily, they frankly avow they shall be agreeably disappointed. But, if otherwise, the sad satisfaction will remain to them, that they predicted as much from the very first moment they learned of their dear friends intended marriage with a friend who was no friend of theirs.

SUGAR FROM SORGHUM.—A Lebanon (Ohio) paper says: "The question, 'Can sugar be made from sorghum?' has been answered by the Shakers at Union Village. They have a method of their own discovery, by which they make sugar from the pure sorghum material. We have seen a specimen. It is very dark, exceedingly coarse-grained, and has the real sorghum taste, but it is thoroughly dry, and is indeed sugar. They have not brought their method to perfection, but they expect in a short time to be able to make a good article."

☞ Old Muggs says that the talk of women is usually about men; even their laugh is he! he! he!

A MEXICAN CITY.

Acapulco, Mexico, June 15th, 1866.

DEAR POST:—The *Golden City* landed us this morning about 10 o'clock, at this place, where we went ashore under a broiling sun, to enjoy the novelty of treading *terra firma* once more. Soon after we entered the beautiful little bay, while we were standing on deck, looking at the queer little town with its small buildings and tiled roofs, the Health and French officers boarded the vessel, after which ceremony we were allowed to enter the boats which waited us, and rowed to the city. The oarsmen were natives—the boats something like what the sailors call "life boats," with seats on each side nicely cushioned, and an awning stretched over head to protect us from the burning rays of the sun. Yet, as we glided over the smooth water, a pleasant breeze blew freshly in from the sea, and we landed upon the white beach in high spirits.

Our first steps brought us before stands of the natives, where "curiosities" were heaped in profusion—such as shells, shell flowers, &c. Passing these for future attention, we hurried on through the hot, stony street, towards a low, white building over which the stars and stripes fluttered; and on arriving there, received a cordial welcome from the Consul, who looked exquisitely cool in his snowy linen suit, and very benign with his long flowing beard. After a rest in his comfortable office, a pleasant chat, and the deposit of sundry letters to be sent back "home," we took leave of the Consul and started out to see the city. Immediately opposite the Consul's dwelling was the Cathedral, which we entered. To describe the effect it produced upon my own feelings, would be impossible. I cannot look upon such things complacently. To me it appears barbarous thus to pamper to depraved and ignorant tastes, rather than enlighten them. High up over the altar, was encased a life-sized figure of the Virgin Mother, dressed in black velvet, tricked out gaudily with flowers and tarnished tinsel, with a long, white veil flowing around her. In many places were images and pictures of the mother and child. On the right side of the church entrance was a life-sized image of the dead Saviour in his grave clothes, with a band binding the face, and blood stains all over the forehead. Near it was a small image of the Saviour Crucified—blood flowing from hands, side, feet, and brow, as he hung upon the cross. Everywhere it was the same terrible exhibition, calculated to excite the ignorant to fear, and anguish, and pity. But to me it seemed disgusting, horrible, and a mockery of that sanctity in which we should hold the memory of our crucified Lord.

Glad to leave such a place, without even mounting to the tower to see the "chimes"—where it was told us afterwards, three Mexican soldiers sat playing cards—we once more entered the street, spread our umbrellas and "followed each other" over the burning stones. From out the queer buildings peered dark faces as we passed, nude and smutty children wallowed around the pavements; and occasionally we caught glimpses of young Mexican beauties lazily swinging in hammocks, and staring at us with large, curious eyes.

Presently a strange, wild sound fell upon our ears, faintly resembling "martial music," but more like what the people in Virginia and Tennessee call a "shivaree." Certainly it did sound like numberless old tin pans, bells, &c., mingling in one grand crash and clatter. When we at length reached the point from whence those sounds proceeded, we found a company of Mexican soldiers "drilling." I will not attempt a description of their evolutions. It was by far too ridiculous to come within descriptive limits. Those Mexicans were evidently "pressed" into service by the French, and enjoyed looking at our party of a dozen or more highly amused Americans, far more than the performance of their duties. It is said that the Mexican forces surround the town, and that they come in and hold it at night, allowing the French undisputed possession by day. A large Man-of-War lies in the bay, and the French flag flutters from the fort. But what the French care to hold such a place for, is more than I can imagine. There can be nothing pleasant in it for either party. The rocky, rugged, and barren coast can yield nothing, and all supplies from the country are cut off by the Mexicans from friend and foe. The fruits usually so plentiful here are very scarce. We saw nothing but a few limes, watermelons, and cocoas, and these very indifferent. I notice the watermelons both at Panama and here, are rich in color and very beautiful, but very insipid and tasteless. I would not give one Jersey melon for a thousand Acapulco pretenders.

We went into several stores and priced the goods out of idle curiosity, but bought little. One lady of our party said they "would not take butter and eggs in exchange for goods, therefore she was compelled to decline making any purchases." All of us laughed, and the poor merchant stood speechless and bewildered behind his counter, unable to speak a word of English or understand it.

Passing numberless venders of small articles upon the street, in possession of very large hats (sombreros) and minus a show of linen, we finally found ourselves in a *casa somera* (eating house,) where we got really a good luncheon, consisting of bread, butter, cheese, fried ham and eggs, pickles, and a cup of delicious chocolate—with one Mexican dish for which we could find no name, resembling the New Englander's "hog's head cheese." Just as we were finishing our repast the gun boomed over the water, recalling us to the steamer; and as there was only half-an-hour allowed us after this, we hurriedly made some little purchases of shells and flowers as presents for friends, and stepping into our waiting "gondolas" (so christened for romance's sake,) were rowed back in the midst of song, laughter, and jests, to the Golden City.

How hot it was! and how wearied we all were at night. Before sunset we were out of the bay in the ocean, and sailing rapidly on toward the "Golden Gate," whose portals we hope soon to enter. And now, as night closes in, I take my leave till a more convenient season, when I hope to tell you something of California.

Very truly,
BELLA Z. SPENCER.

☞ Lord Denman, who was associated with Brougham in the celebrated defence of Queen Caroline, wife of George IV., was once complimented on his incessant labor. "Pooh! pooh!" said he, "don't talk to me about that: I never was able to get along without at least four hour's sleep in the twenty-four. But there is my brother Brougham has no such trouble, but goes from one thing to another all day and all night, and never seems to care for sleep at all."

* Who knows?

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

A NIGHT CAVALCADE—RUGGED RIDING—ALONG THE CLIFFS—POOR LIGHTS—A HIGHLAND JUNGLE—THE RUINS OF RODIL—RECONSTRUCTION.

So far as I know, there is not in Chile, or the world, a single line of history to rescue from oblivion the gray old ruin perched upon the summit of the rugged cliff overlooking the long, narrow city of Valparaiso, and the magnificent Almendral and mosaic *Quebrada*—the beautiful bay and blue expanse of the mighty Pacific.

Locally, the castle on the cliff is called by several different names, all modern, none of them quite applicable to its character, or traditionary fame, which is romantic enough, and one of its later legends forming an entertaining episode of the Spanish conquest.

The tradition is that the gray old ruin, fast crumbling into dust, was originally one of the Peruvian Sun temples, and rivalled in its golden magnificence the famous temple at Cuzco. That at the time of the invasion of Southern Peru the temple then called Ta-alco was the depository of immense wealth in the form of ingots and golden utensils, and the residence of Corimbri, a princess of the Incan line of Huascar, a virgin priestess of the sun, young and exquisitely beautiful.

Corimbri was a woman warrior, too, as well as virgin priestess, and when the Spaniards in their greed of gold assaulted the temple under their renowned chieftain, Almagro, the princess priestess leading her sacred sun forces composed of priests and maiden amazons, repulsed the furious assaults ten times repeated, and finally making a sortie, utterly routed the Spaniards, killing many and wounding more, most of whom were captured and condemned by the incensed Peruvian priests to death by roasting alive as a holocaust to their avenging sun deity.

Among the wounded captives chanced to be Francisco De Rodil, a nephew of Almagro, young, handsome, noble, renowned in arms, and of so just and generous a nature, that like his second cousin, the accomplished young marquis, Don Alonzo De Molina, he was disgusted with the barbarous atrocities of the Spaniards, and like his kinsman only remained with his countrymen that he might by his authority and influence mitigate the horrors of war.

It was fortunate for the other Spanish captives that Rodil was of their number, for being recognized by two of the priests, whose lives he had once saved, in their gratitude they appealed to Corimbri, whose word was the supreme law, to save their benefactor. The princess saw the handsome Spanish captive, became herself enslaved—the prisoners were all saved from fire, the wounded nursed by priests and virgin devotees, recovered, abjured their faith and country, espousing that of the Peruvians.

On the other hand, the lovely virgins of the sun becoming apostates to their sacred creed and duties, became the willing wives of apostate Spaniards, the example set them by Don Francisco De Rodil, and their lovely princess Corimbri.

Thus Catholic Spaniards and sun-worshipping Peruvians abjuring life—taught religion and customs, became outlawed by their countrymen, equally obnoxious to their own kin, and united in a new confederacy inimical to all.

For three years the castle was alternately invested and attacked by Spaniards and Peruvians, both impelled by a double motive—vengeance upon the apostates and the possession of the vast treasures hidden within its walls. But always the indomitable Rodil successfully defended the fortress castle, beating back and discomfiting the assailants, until at length Heaven itself—so said Spanish priests and Inca sun-worshippers, fought against the ingrate renegades.

Besieged by Almagro with a powerful force without, assailed within by famine and thirst, the devoted defenders of the castle perished, until only Rodil and his Inca bride survived, and then came an awful tempest, and at midnight the shock of a mighty earthquake rocked the line of cliffs and rent the fortress sun-temple from summit to base, throwing down its outer walls, and shattering its inner defences.

The next morning the Spaniards rushed in, but though for the space of a whole month they searched every nook and cranny, and dug and delved and mined, nothing of the bodies of Count Rodil and his princess priestess bride, or a single vestige of all the immense treasures of which the semi-demolished temple was known to be the receptacle was discovered. Only it was said by the superstitious Spaniards that on every dark, tempestuous night, at twelve o'clock, the young count and his phantom sun-bride appeared, and arm in arm walked for an hour among the riven arches and tottering ruins, guardians of the hidden treasures, the ghostly warrior challenging with grim defiance all who approach the broken avenue leading to the inner sanctuary.

So in time the ruin came to be known, feared and shunned as the haunted Castle of Rodil, and down to the present time the popular opinion is that the phantom count and his spirit princess haunt nightly the gray ruin overlooking Valparaiso, keeping watch and ward over immense treasures buried in subterranean vaults far beneath the foundations of the grim old pile.

Whatever of truth or probability there may be in the legend, it is certain that the old castle, temple, or whatever it was originally, dates back beyond the Spanish invasion, and is not of the Moorish, or any of its Spanish modifications of architecture. The material and style of workmanship corresponds in all essential features with those of the great sun temple at Cuzco, as well as the extensive ruins at Tumbez, La Paz, El Passo, &c., and thus far the evidence seems to be that what is now little more than a heap of rubbish was originally a magnificent temple reared to the Peruvian sun deity.

The Signora Giovanna had appointed to meet us within an hour opposite *La Fonda el Contrabanda*, on the avenue leading to, and less than two squares from the entrance to the Almendral, and punctual to the time we were all in the saddle and at the rendezvous, impatient for the arrival of our girl guide and a night adventure, the nature of which we did not even attempt to imagine, further than that we guessed, of course, we were to come in some extraordinary manner upon the parties who had so mysteriously disappeared from the night fete at the Almendral.

Dona Giovanna did not keep us many minutes in waiting; nor did she come alone, as we had imagined she would, but accompanied by two female companions, both superbly mounted, whom we were not long in recognizing as our fair hostess—the Signora Costanza and her brilliantly beautiful daughter, Dona Chiara. Having saluted us, Dona Giovanna said in a business sort of way:

"Our shorter route would be through the city, and up by the Quebrada. But there are always so many idle, busybodies awake at all hours, whose curiosity would be impertinent. So we will ride by *el callejon* (the lane)—come."

Following our guide, we rode to the right of the Almendral, up a narrow, winding way, so narrow that single file became the arbitrary order, and so steep that our horses stood most uncomfortably in end—so broken and rugged that, dark as it was, there might have been some awkward slips and slides, but that our animals were sure-footed and well educated to such thoroughfares. As it was, we mastered the tortuous ascent without accident of any kind, and at the end of something more than an hour found ourselves heading to the westward, along a broader way that lay along the summit of the heights, from which we looked down upon the long line of twinkling lamps marking the main avenue from the Almendral to the Quebrada, showing far beneath our feet like rows of slay glow-worms.

Another hour was expended in this slow, silent march, and then the head of our cavalcade came to an opaque object on our right that suddenly shut out the city lights; but nearer, and quite on a level with us above others, glimmering and flickering as if showing through intervening foliage.

Dona Giovanna dismounted and led her horse to the right, out of the beaten way, and following her example, we took the same direction, through a devious path where every moment impertinent branches and dangling vines whisked in our faces, and every few moments we were entangling ourselves in the webs of foliage, and now and then muttering impatient *maldicos*.

But we came through at last into a clear, open space, only there were fragments of rock all around us, and almost overhead dense masses of foliage, and in front a sombre pile that loomed up black against the sky; and while we stood wondering, Don Jose Castoral—*el Marenheiro*—came out of the black mass in our front swinging a brilliant lantern, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I welcome you to the Castle of Rodil. Not much of a castle, as you will see when the sun lights it up again,—only the last wreck of an old ruin; but it has served our purpose admirably. A visit by daylight would have been more proper, perhaps. But in that case there would have been half the vagabond rabble of the Quebrada at our heels. Besides it was necessary for myself and some of your friends to come here very quietly, without being seen. So we planned to give you a night reception, and an *el fresco* breakfast at the Castle of Rodil."

Then we had an introduction, which was a surprise, and an explanation that was very entertaining. First, our handsome Buffalonian, Harry White, came out from within the ruins, and after him our La Platan Companiero, Dr. Sebastian Valdez, and Harry introduced a remarkably fine looking fellow as Don Carlos Riveria, his brother-in-law from Santiago, and Don Carlos introduced a sweet, Madonna-looking girl that was on his arm as his wife, Dona Ervina, daughter of Don Sebastian; then the doctor presented another handsome young cavalier as his son, Don Manuel, who in turn presented a glorious, dark-eyed little beauty as his wife, Dona Antonia, sister of our Chilean favorite, Mrs. Selina White; and all the introductions being over, at the invitation of Don Jose, we all went within the ruins, through a maze labyrinth of rocks and rubbish, and tangled, clambering vines, coming at length to two chambers, certainly something dilapidated, but, considering the circumstances and surroundings, looking cosy and comfortable. Having all gathered in and seated ourselves, Don Jose entered at once upon an explanation.

The Riverias of Santiago were his relatives, he being uncle to Don Carlos and his sisters, Donas Selina and Antonia. Don Sebastian was also his brother-in-law, and of course he was uncle to Don Manuel. The two young men were active partizans of the defeated political party that were driven from power about the time that we first entered Chile, and being proscribed as outlaws, had fled from Santiago to Valparaiso, and by their uncle were secreted, with their wives, in the old ruin, where they had remained hidden ever since.

Don Jose had for some time been plying the new President with golden arguments in favor of his hidden relatives, and the secret of his sudden disappearance from the fete was that a messenger had just arrived from Santiago with pardons for the young Dons, which being communicated to Don Sebastian and Dona Selina, they insisted upon hurrying away at once, and bringing their relatives out of their voluntary prison.

Don Jose consented to accompany them, only modifying their programme by proposing a visit of our whole party to the ruins, and leaving the invitation and requisite instructions with his wife and Dona Giovanna.

Tusant Masonville had accompanied the first party because Harry White and Dona Selina had taken a wonderful fancy to him, and Dona Selina had persuaded him by the promise of a sweet little senora sister for his wife; and Tusant said:

"Oui, madame. If zre leetle ladee Isabelita sall be quartaire so much angel as the Dona Selina, by jolle I sall go after it down in ze wattaire, in ze wild beast, up in ze fire vocano, by gar!"

There was a *recherche* breakfast, considering the place and circumstances, and then after three hours or so spent in a ramble about the ruins, there was a remount and return to the nether world of Valparaiso by the way of the Quebrada.

Nearly a year later, when we were the guests of our ex companions at the pretty little town of Villa Rica, in Peru, Harry and Tusant hinted that the old Peruvian Sun Temple had been more successfully explored by the two young Dons and their wives than it had by their ancestors after the death of Rodil.

SAFE MATCHES.—M Gaillard has just brought to the notice of the French Academy a method by which all danger from lucifer matches is obviated. It consists in simply dipping matches into sulphur after having plunged them into phosphorus; the sulphur being insoluble in water prevents the phosphorus from dissolving in alimentary liquid matter, so that all danger of poison is avoided, while the more powerful friction necessary to cause combustion will be the surest guaranty against fire.

TWO EIGHTEENTHS OF JUNE.

(*The declaration of war between Austria and Prussia was exchanged on the 18th of June, the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.*)

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

'Twas one-and-fifty years ago,
The night of an eighteenth of June,
That o'er the field of Waterloo,
Rose, round and red, the summer moon.
And England, weak with loss of blood,
And blank with battle's reek and stain:
From strength o'er-taxed half-swooning stood,
In trampled corn on Soignies' plain.

All day, from rainy dawn to dark,
She had looked on, in ruthless awe;
While the huge eagles grappled, stark,
For life and death, with beak and claw.
And ere that night the moon rode high,
The greatest eagle of the brood,
Whose wings had darkened earth and sky,
Lay spent and shattered and subdued;

Then—upshot of that awful day—
She saw the conquering Eagles blind
The conquered Eagle, as he lay,
Baffled and bleeding, bruised and blind.
Saw ravens swing above the blood,
Heard o'er the groans *Te Deums* rise;
And marked how rank of carnage stood,
Between the incense and the skies.

And then she saw the eagles sit,
In crowned conclave, grave and grim;
To rend, what with a wicked wit,
They called "freed" Europe, limb by limb.
Parcelling out, with haughtier air,
The lower they had lately quailed—
A gobbet here, a gobbet there,
As Eagle's craft or strength prevailed.

And England looked, and England thought,
That like dogs, eagles have their day.
Too well she knew who most had fought,
For fighting who'd had most to pay.
Her whistle won, 'twas time at length,
To count the cost, in purse and veins,
Where waxing debt, and wasting strength,
Of men and money told the drains.

Kings—Peoples—two in one, that hold
Close union as veins and skin!
Kings—to pay out the blood and gold,
And patriot peoples—to pay in!
So has been, shall be, human hap:
So England saw, 'twas then to be,—
Monarchs remodelling the map;
Europe, made free with, not made free.

And she who had borne the battle's brunt,
She who the pipers had to pay,
Now saw pretensions first in front,
That most kept out of danger's way.
Little of all she'd won she kept;
Gen'rous, when all were grasping round,
She saw the board of winnings swept,
By players whose first stake she'd found.

Now, one-and fifty years are past,
'Tis the eighteenth of June again;
Again the summer-moonlight's shed,
On new cut hay and greening grain;
And once more England stands aghast,
As, north and south, from near and far,
The shrill war-trumpet wakes the blast,
And Europe leaps again to war.

Nature and Man are still the same:
The earth as fair, as fierce its lord;
And still we see the little game
Of kings and peoples keeps the board.
But though the board, cards, game are one,
How different the players show
From those of that Eighteenth of June,
Now one-and-fifty years ago!

Then fierce Britannia in the strife
With purse and person foremost stood.
Reckless of reason, flush of life,
Less prodigal of brains than blood:
Then the black vultures, side by side,
The great French eagle linked to tame,
And, England aiding, checked its pride,
Banished and banned, and put to shame.

Holy Alliance! Then we saw
Prus, Russ, and Austrian combine
O'er Europe's war-blurred map to draw
The measuring-tape and marking-line.
France crushed, and revolution done,
And peoples taught they can't be free—
'Tis strange, when vultures are at one,
How wonderfully they agree!

Now, see this goodly work unpick'd—
Holy Alliance drawing swords!
Eighteen fifteen's arrangements kicked
To shivers by its sovereign lords:
Napoleon's forfeit name, once more,
Symbol of European power,
France at peace, arbiter of war,
The Emperor master of the hour!

And England folding brawny hands,
And looking on with even heart,
As one who by a quarrel stands,
With neither brawler taking part—
Oh, startling difference in the tune
Of the war-dance that now we know,
And that which closed, the Eighteenth of June,
Now one-and-fifty years ago!

THE HEAT.—The great sultriness recently prevalent in all parts of the United States, seems without a parallel outside of this country. Our exchanges are all commenting upon this fact. A Boston paper mentions that a merchant of Surinam, now in that city, says they have no weather there like the terrible heat of this summer, yet Surinam is within the tropics. Another from Hayti, says nothing there can equal it, whilst a Brazilian, from Para, says such torrid heat as has prevailed this week was never known at his equatorial home. Similar accounts come to us from all quarters, but with all the remark about the heat, we nowhere see any one advancing any theory to account for it. Meteorologists during the cold days last winter used to talk of icebergs in the Gulf Stream. Where are those icebergs now? No reason is given for the intense heat, such as was then advanced as the cause of the intense cold. It is probably too hot to theorize about it or anything else now.

☞ GYPSIES LEAVING ENGLAND.—A company of thirty gypsies recently left England, declaring that as the hitherto unoccupied tracts are now everywhere cultivated, that country is no longer tenable by their free and independent community.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

The Battle of Sadowa.

From the London Times, July 5.

The decisive blow has been struck, and the fortune of war has once more declared in favor of Prussia. The bold conception and consummate execution of their far-sighted plan of campaign, and the results of a long series of bloody encounters, had, at the close of last week, enabled the Prussian Generals to mass their forces on the plain of Bohemia, and to press close upon their enemy, who, after disputing the ground inch by inch along every avenue of that mountain-girt kingdom, had fallen back, *foiled at all points, panting and bleeding, yet turning to bay on his last vantage-ground on the Elbe*, between his two strongholds of Josephstadt and Koniggratz.

A pause of three days seems to have been allowed to the combatants on both sides. Finally, on Tuesday, the first Prussian army, under Prince Frederick Charles, advancing from Gitschin, on the road that by Chlum and Horzitz leads to Sadowa, and the second army, under the Crown Prince, crossing the Elbe to meet them, drew up all their combined forces, under the immediate command of their King—an army, it is said, of no less than eight army corps—on some point near Koniggratz, between the right bank of the Elbe and the left of the Bistrita, a minor tributary stream, which runs parallel to the main river from Horsitz to its confluence with it. Marshal Benedek, aware that the decisive moment had arrived, issued forth from Koniggratz, apparently with only five army corps, but choosing, as was natural with a man who stood on his own ground, a most advantageous position. The battle-field is described as being near Horzitz, near Sadowa, near Koniggratz; the fighting raged probably from one end to the other of this vast tract of country. The battle lasted 12 hours. For six hours the Austrians defended a strong position they had chosen behind the Bistrita, but it was taken by storm toward 2 o'clock, and by 7 o'clock in the evening the defeat of the Austrians was complete. The earliest Prussian bulletins of the same evening, at 8 and 11 o'clock, claimed a victory, and spoke of their army as close in pursuit of their routed enemies.

The later accounts, dated yesterday, we are told that 3 *flags and 34 guns were taken by three of the victorious regiments and no less than* 10,000 *Austrian prisoners had already been brought in.* The trophies by which other corps signalized their victory, and the total number of their prisoners, had not yet been ascertained; but the 12th Prussian Hussars are said to have broken two Austrian squares. By their own admission, the Prussians *purchased their triumph at a very heavy price;* all their corps were brought into action, and all suffered severely. *Nothing, however, can exceed the extent of the Austrian disaster.* A telegram after telegram comes in, every fresh detail confirms us in our conviction that the Imperial Army, already exhausted by a series of defeats in which no less than 20,000 prisoners had fallen into the enemy's hands, dispirited by the consciousness of the fearful odds against which it had to contend, owing to that fatal needle gun which experience proved to be almost irresistible, went into the field bent on a supreme effort, *not so much in defence of the monarchy as in support of its ancient military renown, and fought, not so much to conquer as to sell the victory at the highest possible rate.* The most illustrious names in the empire are among the dead and wounded.

Count Thun and Col. Binder, both high in command, are among the former; among the latter, three Archdukes, and General Festetics, Prince Lichtenstein and Prince Windischgratz were taken prisoners. We have no accounts on the Austrian side—a melancholy proof that they have no good tidings with which to mitigate the cruel intelligence, or that the disorder in their camp is too great for them to think of telegraphic or written dispatches—but the Prussian bulletins assure us that their enemies were falling back upon Koniggratz in a complete rout, strewing their arms and baggage far and wide along the road. The first instinct of self-preservation drove the fugitive multitude to their fortress, but either they did not feel safe even at Koniggratz, or Marshal Benedek was actuated by strategic reasons to a movement still further to the rear, for we are told that the Austrians were abandoning their all-important position at the great railway junction at Pardubitz. Where this great *debacle* is to terminate, what points Marshal Benedek may still consider defensible, where he can hope to find breathing room for the reorganization of his scattered and dispirited forces, we hardly venture to inquire. The suddenness and the magnitude of this sad Austrian calamity are too overpowering for any man to speculate on its possible consequences on the destinies of the empire.

With the exception of a few fortresses, of no more avail in modern warfare to stay the triumphant progress of a victorious army than Josephstadt and Koniggratz have proved to be, Benedek has *nothing in his rear but an open country, nothing between him and the capital but a vast smooth battle field, where the cannon, the cavalry and the dread needle gun of the Prussians will have free play.* The Austrians have done enough for the honor of their arms; they must now provide for the safety of the state, and this can hardly be done by a prolonged resistance. It is not the first instance in which Austria has lain prostrate before an advancing enemy; not the first time in which an Emperor of the House of Hapsburg, stepping forward on the morrow of a lost battle, has stood suddenly before the conqueror, and, by the natural prestige of his station, and the additional dignity which consciousness of unmerited misfortune imparts to an elevated character, has saved yet a few fragments of his tattered Imperial mantle. King William of Prussia is in the camp, and the Emperor Francis Joseph is not very far from Benedek's headquarters. Let there be at Pardubitz, or at Olmutz, such an interview as there was after Austerlitz and after Solferino. Better terms than Austria may obtain now will certainly not be granted to her after two or three months' protracted struggle has added to the exasperation of hostile passions, nor after many more thousands of Austria's noblest sons lie deep in their blood on the battle-field. On what conditions the two great German powers could come to agreement at the present moment it would be difficult to say, and it would be unnecessary. All that is required of Austria is that she should sue for a suspension of hostilities, which, there is little doubt, would be readily granted. From an armistice to a peace, the Emperor Francis Joseph knows by experience, there is but one step in a *tete a-tete* between two monarchs.

THE FRENCH TAKE POSSESSION AS OF FRENCH TERRITORY.

From La Presse (semi-official) of July 7.

King Victor Emanuel has not at once acceded to the armistice proposed through France. He alleges as a reason that he has to consult with his ally, the King of Prussia.

In consequence, the Italian Government has been advised that it will have to cease immediately every act of hostility against Venetia, IT BEING FRENCH TERRITORY.

A French Commissioner is going at once to Venice to assume its government in the name of the Emperor.

Orders have been issued to the French squadron in the Mediterranean immediately to repair to Venice, and to hoist the French flag instead of the Austrian upon all fortified posts on the Venetian coast.

The cession of Venetia to France is complete and definite, and without any other condition on the part of Austria except to withdraw the guns, arms, and all munitions of war found in fortified places. Within forty-eight hours the whole of Venetia will be French territory, and it will depend upon the good will of France either to keep or to part with it.

REFUSED ACCEPTANCE OF THE ARMISTICE BY PRUSSIA AND ITALY—CONDITIONS OF THE ARMISTICE.

LIVERPOOL, July 7, }
VIA QUEENSTOWN, July 8, 1866. }

The latest advices state that Prussia and Italy have accepted the proposal for an armistice.

The Prussians, however, had advanced further into Bohemia.

The Paris Temps announces that Prussia and Italy had accepted the armistice on the following conditions: Prussia to retain her present positions; her troops to be supported by the countries occupied. Austria is not to increase her armies in the field. Italy is to occupy one fortress in the Quadrilateral. Italy, in reply, demanded the occupation of two fortresses in the Quadrilateral.

A Vienna telegram says *there is a good prospect of an armistice for six weeks. Hostilities have not been resumed.*

LATER.

European intelligence of the 12th has been received. The French squadron has been ordered to Venice. The Toulon authorities have been ordered to prepare ten steamers, frigates and corvettes. The Prussians have made Pardubitz their headquarters. Prague has been abandoned, and it is expected that the Prussians will retake it. The Italians were severely beaten by the Austrians at Borgoeport and Monte Ello.

General Cialdini crossed the Po on the 8th into Venetia at the head of his army corps. The assertion that France has recommended Italy not to attack Venetia is discredited at Berlin. No fighting had occurred in Bohemia, the Austrians being unmolested. It is stated that the Prussians are marching on Frankfort. The Austrians are evacuating Venetia, but leaving the fortresses there well garrisoned.

The Needle Gun.

The Prussian "needle gun," of which much has been heard during the present war, is a breech loader. In firing it there is a double force exerted by gunpowder and fulminating or detonating powder. The lock is so constructed that a pin or needle passes through the charge of gunpowder, and strikes upon the base of the ball, in the hollow of which is placed the fulminating powder, the explosion fires the gunpowder, and the force of the projectile is claimed to be thereby increased. It will, therefore, be seen that the needle gun dispenses with the percussion caps; the ball contains all the detonating powder necessary; the fixing of caps, an operation which must occasion some delay when rapidity of firing is necessary, is dispensed with, and thereby there is a saving of valuable time. The advantage of a breech loader is, that it also saves time. The loading of a musket by the ordinary process of the cartridge and the ramrod, and fixing the cap, all require some delay. The Prussians dispense with such obstacles by making the ball answer for the percussion cap, and abolishing the ramrod altogether. The advantage claimed in the present campaign is that the Prussians can fire with three times the rapidity of the Austrians. Between two volleys delivered by the latter, it is claimed that the Prussians can fire three times. This makes the odds in a battle tremendous, and to it is ascribed the Prussian successes. There is no doubt the Austrians are brave and stubborn, but they cannot, by dogmatic slowness, overcome the advantage of celerity. In a proclamation of Benedek to his troops, he alluded to the supposed superiority in the arms of the enemy, and exhorted his troops to overcome it by bayonet charges; but before soldiers, relying upon the bayonet, can reach the lines which fire rapidly, the advancing columns may be shot down. This is said to have been the case in the recent battles in Bohemia, and it is recorded that the number of wounded Austrians, as compared with the Prussians, was five to one. There is another advantage of the needle gun, which some argue is a disadvantage.

It is very light, much lighter than the ordinary musket of the European and American patterns, consequently the soldier is not near so soon fatigued in carrying it, as was formerly the case with the old flint lock and percussion lock muskets. In close quarters the English soldier, after he could fire no more, or had lost his bayonet, clubbed his musket, and laying about him with the stock, as he had learned to do, before he entered the army, with the quarter-staff, belabored all of his enemies who came within his reach with knock-down blows. This cannot be done with the needle gun, and that is supposed to be a disadvantage. But the Prussian soldiers at Nachod, when it came to close quarters, drew their heavy swords and beat back the enemy with the sabre. It cannot be much disadvantage to the needle gun that it will not serve to do the work of a club, as long as it will prevent the necessity of clubbing, by giving three chances to shoot down the advancing foe, to one which the latter possesses.

The success of the "needle gun" has raised a clamor in England for the abolition of the muzzle-loading musket, and the adoption of breech-loaders. It does not follow, however, that the "needle gun" is the best weapon that can be found. In the United States army, the Spencer rifle, which is a breech-loader, fires *seven* shots before it is necessary to reload, and the whole seven are put in the gun with one motion. It is evident, however, from all our modern experiences, that the tendency of improvements in firearms is to make wars "short, sharp, and decisive."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

DAY BY DAY.

Every day has its dawn,
  Its soft and silent eve,
Its noontide hours of bliss or bale;
  Why should we grieve?

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
  Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
  Like angels on the wind?

Each turning round a small sweet face
  As beautiful as near;
Because it is so small a face
  We will not see it clear;

We will not clasp it as it flies,
  And kiss its lips and brow;
We will not bathe our wearied souls
  In its delicious Now.

And so it turns from us, and goes
  Away in sad disdain;
Though we would give our lives for it,
  It never comes again.

Yet, every day has its dawn,
  Its noontide and its eve:
Live while we live, giving God thanks—
  He will not let us grieve.

MISS MULOCH.

The Mutual Consolation Society.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "EVA ISLE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Henry Peterson & Co., in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

The following afternoon Dr. Wedgewood had arranged with Miss Wardwell for a drive to High Bridge, and I took advantage of the circumstance to visit Agnes and advise her of the result of my interview with Mr. Spragg. From what I had learned of her character, I rather expected she would accept his offer, inadequate as it was, and I was not mistaken.

"That will do very well," she said, responsive to my information. "I should feel disposed to accept a much smaller amount, rather than be involved in litigation."

"But are you aware, Agnes, that it was with your money that Spragg built up his colossal fortune, and that you could undoubtedly recover much more than the sum he offers you?"

"All this matters nothing, my dear. That sum is certainly sufficient for my wants—for our wants. What should we do with more? It would only be an additional responsibility, bringing with it no recompense."

"As you please, though I confess I should like to see Spragg punished for his villainy, and there is no more effectual way than through his coffers."

"Ah! well, he is punished enough—for doing me what I am inclined to think after all was more of a favor than an injury."

"What favor has he ever done you?" I asked in astonishment.

"Why I suspect it was much better that I never knew myself an heiress until now. Remember I had no father or mother to guide me, and I am afraid to think what might have been the consequences had I grown up in the belief that there was a great fortune at my absolute disposal. I never should have learned as I did while yet a child to look upward to Him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless—never have acquired that faith that only the dependent on God's promise can have—a faith that made me strong and fearless, when I, a girl of sixteen, went out, trusting to myself for home, friends, food and raiment. I needed the experience; I rejoice I have had it."

"And you have really no feeling of animosity toward the man who has so long deprived you of your rights?"

"Why should I, when I have been benefitted in the end?"

"You are a strange girl," I said, "and I am half inclined to question whether you are wholly pleased with your change of fortune."

"What an idea!" Agnes said, laughing. "Still you are not altogether wrong. Were I obliged to have all the care and responsibility of looking after this accession of wealth, I don't think I should be quite pleased. By nature, I am indolent and averse to care, and I seriously believe I could better indulge these propensities while supplying my wants in the old way than by becoming the steward of a large fortune which is the business of an experienced man of the world."

"But wealth brings with it the ability to do good, you know."

"But it does not always bring the disposition, indeed I think it not unfrequently makes people who were kind and generous before, selfish and hard-hearted. But enough of this. Between us, we will try to bear the burden. And now, to change the subject, tell me, is your friend very much interested in Anna Wardwell?"

I said he was, very particularly.

"I fancied as much. They are very like each other in many respects. How do you like these new friends of mine?"

"I have had reason to be much pleased with both Mr. Wardwell and his niece. Of course, like the rest of humanity, they have *some* faults."

"What, for instance?"

"Mr. Wardwell believes in nothing that cannot be demonstrated like a geometrical problem. Miss Anna has something of the same tendency, and has been a little spoiled by flattery and admiration."

"You read people well; I shall be half afraid of you. You may take the whim to read me some day."

"Would that annoy you?"

"No one cares to be read entirely. We talk of perfect confidence, of having no secrets, of revealing all our thoughts, feelings, and emotions to some near friend; but do we ever do so? Did the person ever exist who would unveil to any other on earth all the silent workings of the heart for one day even, all the vague, shadowy dreams, half-defined longings, indefinite fears, unuttered hopes? No. There is a corner down in the depths of every heart, which we would shrink from having explored by any eye."

"Is there any place in your heart, Agnes, into which I must not look?"

"Perhaps so. I have trusted you a great deal. I wonder a thousand times every day how I can be so unreserved with one who was a stranger a few weeks since, and of whom I know very little now. You should not wish for a more unreserved confidence than I have given—nor should I be wise to bestow it. You admire and love me now, because you view me through loving eyes, and see the fairest side of my character. I should fall in your estimation did you know me perfectly—so would every one. Would you care to have me know every thought that has flitted through your mind to-day?"

"Possibly not; but it seems an unpalatable theory that love, friendship, and admiration owe their origin to an ignorance of the character of the object that awakens them."

"Nevertheless, to a certain extent, it is true. We see, admire, and love glittering generalities, without examining minutely. Look at my hand. It is white and smooth—you called it pretty the other day—but it would look coarse and ugly were you to view it through a microscope, and for that reason you will please not use one in looking at it or my character either."

"I shall have to admit that you are right. At all events you have the best of the argument."

"Of course I have, being a woman; but we are becoming egotistical. We were speaking of our friends, and kindly picking their characters to pieces, and dropped them for more interesting subjects of conversation. Let us finish our gossip. You have given me your opinion, and shall have mine, at least so far as Anna is concerned. She has made me a little uneasy of late."

"In what way?"

"It is difficult to explain, but I will try. For some reason, Mr. Wardwell has taken a deep interest in me, and I sometimes fear Anna imagines I am winning his love from her. He is her idol, and not without good reason. She is one who cannot be satisfied with anything short of idolatry in return. She cannot bear that another should share in his regard; and although she has been very guarded, I can see she is ill at ease if her uncle treats me with more than ordinary politeness."

"I should not have suspected Miss Wardwell of cherishing such an idiosyncrasy," I said.

"It is not altogether unnatural, perhaps; still it places me in rather an uncomfortable position. I could not withdraw from Mr. Wardwell's protection without giving a reason for it, and it is unpleasant to remain, under the circumstances, although Anna treats me kindly, and is, I believe, attached to me."

At that moment Miss Wardwell and the doctor came in, rather flurried and ill at ease, I thought, although they evidently wished to conceal it.

The drive had been delightful they said, and wondered if we had really been in that stupid room all the afternoon, and then there was an awkward pause, during which the doctor, by way of showing that he was perfectly self-possessed, ran his fingers through his hair and hummed the first notes of a tune, Miss Anna observing that the room was *horribly close*, walked to the window and seemed to be examining the architecture of St. Paul's on the opposite side of Vesey street, and then the doctor produced his chronometer, and remarked that he had no idea it was so late, and really it was time to bid the ladies good-evening—a proposition that was so incontrovertible that I acceded to it, and we presently took our departure.

Dr. Wedgewood was remarkably silent, and had nothing to say as we walked down stairs—nothing as we proceeded down Ann street toward our chambers, and even preserved his silence after I had followed him into his office. Feeling apprehensive that he might have lost the faculty of speech during his afternoon with Miss Wardwell, I ventured to inquire what success he had met with in wooing.

"Confound your impertinence!" the doctor growled, becoming very red. "You are an insufferable bore. Who told you I had been wooing?"

"No one, but I surmised as much from the general appearance of things."

"Oh! you surmised it! How extraordinarily acute you are becoming! But I may as well own up that I did offer myself to Miss Wardwell this afternoon. I dare say it was rather premature, but I was so much afraid my natural want of common sense would lead me into another Lydia Spragg affair that I thought it advisable to commit myself there the first opportunity. But it was an awkward piece of business. Guy, I talked all the way to High Bridge, and the most of the way back without getting any nearer the mark than I was when we started. Things began to look desperate, and at last mustering up what little courage I had left, I blundered out something, goodness knows what! about loving her, eternal constancy, and all that sort of thing, till she stopped me, saying that I had taken her very much by surprise—that we were but slightly acquainted—altogether *too* slightly to enter into such an arrangement, though perhaps at some future time when we came to know each other better it might be different."

"All right—you are getting on famously."

"I should call it all wrong," Wedgewood said, grimly.

"Because you are an ungrateful animal, and can't appreciate the smiles of Providence. Did you expect Miss Wardwell to engage herself to a man of whom she knew absolutely nothing? If she admitted that she might come to regard you as something more than a friend by-and-by it was all the encouragement you could expect or deserved."

"Nonsense! The women always tell a fellow they are going to like him some time or other, when they mean to refuse him point blank, but don't like to say so. I understand all about it. It's just like my luck—but who cares! I wouldn't get married if I could. I hate the whole female sex in general, and Miss Wardwell in particular."

I endeavored to reassure my friend, but like Rachel mourning, he refused to be comforted. For some moments he remained silent, and then said abruptly,

"By-the-by have you offered your precious self to that little woman with the lawsuit yet?"

With a modest blush I replied in the affirmative.

"And she accepted you?"

I said that such was indeed the happy truth.

"Nice fellow you are to counsel patience; but of course anybody but me can succeed in the matrimonial market. I suppose the Fates are trying to see what they can do in my case. Well, let them do their worst. Go home, Guy. I don't want any fortunate fellows round here. It makes me savage." And so saying Wedgewood arose, strode into his sleeping apartment, and closed the door behind him with a bang.

It was evident that the doctor must sleep off his ill humor, and would be all the better if left to himself, so I presently withdrew to my own chambers. Mr. Fiatts was in the front office, sitting with his feet thrust through the open window, rather thoughtful and pensive, and withal I observed he had been unusually particular in his toilet.

"I have been waiting for you," Mr. Fiatts observed, fondling as he spoke his little whiskers. "I wanted a little private conversation. You are already so fully advised in regard to my plans for the future that I thought it not improper to inform you that I had formed an attachment."

"An attachment?" I echoed. "For whom?"

"For an old acquaintance of yours, you will be pleased to learn, Mr. Larrington, Miss Cynthia Bottleworth. You remember the doctor entrusted me with a note to deliver to Miss Spragg, with whom Miss Bottleworth is staying, and I invited my friend Bingle, who is acquainted with the family, to accompany me. He did so, and introduced me to his friends in a very handsome manner, as a law student of considerable more than ordinary promise, and I don't intend he shall be the loser for his politeness. We passed a very agreeable evening with the ladies, and Miss Bottleworth's attention to myself was rather flattering. Bingle tells me that she is of good family and quite comfortably off, so after thinking the matter all over I have concluded to throw Sam overboard—take the whole business on my own shoulders, join the church and extend my acquaintance as fast as possible. A professional man don't amount to anything until he is married and settled down."

I expressed my unqualified approval of Mr. Fiatts' conclusions, and intimated that I should take pleasure in whispering a favorable word in Miss Bottleworth's ear if opportunity offered.

"That wouldn't be a bad idea, Mr. Larrington. It could do no harm, and might result in good. I shall be obliged for any favorable mention you may make of me. And now I must beg you to excuse me. I have promised to go round to Mr. Bingle's rooms this evening. I ought to have gone before but waited to have this confidential interview. I will speak of my plans more in detail at some future period. Good-night, Mr. Larrington. Don't sit up for me!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

I pass abruptly over a period of several weeks, pausing only to recover the several threads of my story.

Mr. Wardwell had taken a house up-town, and there the doctor and myself were frequent guests, for Wedgewood had long ere this recovered from the effects of his unsuccessful wooing, and was on the best of terms with Miss Wardwell.

Agnes was still an inmate of the family, but for reasons previously intimated, her residence there was not altogether pleasant. From the first Mr. Wardwell had seemed to regard her almost in the light of a daughter. Gradually, and as I believe unconsciously to herself, she had acquired an influence over him that no one else possessed. It was the influence that a firm, undeviating principle of right, for the sake of right, always exerts over a mind like his; for skeptical and faithless as were his views, and little as he was inclined to believe in human goodness, there was something in this young girl, who was governed in every action of her life by a conscientious motive, that commanded his respect, if it did not lead him to follow her example.

"I tell you what, Counsellor," he used to remark now and then, "I don't like to think about your taking Agnes away from me. I believe I should have been a better sort of a man, if I had always had that girl to look after my morals as my niece does after my manners—not that she is one of the kind who is fond of displaying her superior morality, but she does have a quiet way of showing us men of the world, how curiously we have drifted out of the right course."

But Anna could not or would not understand the feeling with which her uncle regarded Agnes, and seemed to think he was giving to another the affection that belonged to her alone. And although she endeavored to conceal it, it was apparent to Agnes that she was torturing herself with the belief that she was being supplanted. It was this that induced her to fix upon an early day in the autumn for our marriage.

With the Spragg's, the world did not seem to be moving on in its old time felicitous manner. Under the supervision of his singular friend Mr. Marwood, Samuel, Jr., had made famous strides toward destruction, and even his mother, with all her maternal faith in the ultimate regeneration of her graceless boy, was very near despairing, and shed as many and as bitter tears in secret, I have no doubt, as a wiser mother would have wept over a son who had fallen from a far higher pedestal than poor Sam, Jr., ever occupied.

To the outside world it seemed but a miserable little craft, that was going to wreck in the person of the representative of the house of Spragg, and scarcely worth preserving, if preservation were still possible; but in each mother's heart, thank God! whatever her mental inferiority may be, there is planted a love for her child that survives all disgrace, continuing even to the end.

As for Samuel, Senior, although he still smiled his sharkish smile in the little room behind the crypt on Wall street, the care lines on his face were deepening every day, as though some imp of mammon was silently and unseen by men, branding his indelible impress on one peculiarly after his own heart, and he had become more thoroughly wedded to business than ever before.

For this, however, there was good reason, for within a few months Spragg had parted in one way and another with a vast amount of money—money that had cost days, weeks, and years of slavish toil, sharp dealing and fraud, and if not absolutely imperative, it was to the last degree desirable that he should hit upon some plan for mending his impaired fortunes.

Having proposed a compromise with Agnes for her demand against him, he met his engagement with the same promptness with which he would have taken care of his business paper. And within a week after the interview Mr. Wardwell and myself had with him, Agnes was in possession of that much at least of her inheritance. But it was a heavy sum to raise on brief notice, and treading as it did close upon the heels of the serious loss he had sustained at sea but a short time previous, Spragg's financial skill was taxed to the utmost. Of property of various kinds and descriptions he still had an abundance, but so nearly had he reached the limits of his ready money resources that one false step might swamp his credit, as on the other hand, one bold, fortunate operation might place him in a position to set sail again with a fair wind.

Such was the state of affairs with Mr. Spragg, when on entering his office one morning he met a brother operator, who, with himself, had been induced two or three years before to invest largely in a Nevada silver mining speculation that had promised great things, and eventually burst, as thousands of such bubbles do every year in the financial world of Wall street, depleting the pockets of men who might be supposed the last to be victimized in such a manner. But the wary Bulls and Bears understand how to create a demand for almost any kind of stock, and the shrewdest biters are sometimes bitten.

"By the way, Spragg," his acquaintance said, after the customary interchange of courtesies, "you know of course that the old Gopher Hill Silver Stock is looking up."

"I had not heard of it," Mr. Spragg answered, with an incredulous smile. "What has it looked up to?"

"To seventy and a-half; at least I sold every share I owned at that figure yesterday afternoon."

"You are jesting."

"Not a bit of it—I am telling the simple truth. Two or three brokers were flying about yesterday, buying all they could get hold of, and precious little most of it cost them, I imagine. I happened to hear of it, but scarcely gave the matter a second thought, and when I was applied to a little later in the day, to know what I would take for what I held, I mentioned the figures I have just stated, which was what it cost me, but with no more idea of getting it, than I have of going to Australia; but very much to my surprise the terms were promptly accepted, the transfer made, and the money paid down on the spot. It was rather through my instrumentality that you went into the thing in the first place, so I dropped in to let you know that there was a chance of your getting out, comparatively whole."

"I am much obliged to you certainly, for there is nothing I would be better pleased to do, unless it would be to make something out of an investment which I thought was gone to the mischief long ago. But what does this mean? Can it be possible that the mine has turned out valuable after all?"

"I don't know—there was a rumor on the street yesterday, that some foreign capitalists had been looking into it, and were so far satisfied with the result of their investigation that they were making an effort to buy up the stock. I have had enough of it, and am satisfied with the way I got out of the concern, though perhaps I might have done better by holding on."

"I must see about this," Mr. Spragg said, putting on his hat again. "I was, I believe, the largest share-holder; and it would be anything but disagreeable to recover what I have invested."

The two men went out together, and Spragg was soon satisfied that the Gopher Hill Silver Stock, so long dead, had been suddenly and mysteriously resuscitated. Every one was talking about it, and all sorts of rumors probable and improbable were current. Of course it was difficult to sift out anything reliable from the sensation stories that were floating about, but one thing seemed evident, namely, that what for years had been considered as a barren mine was all at once in the estimation of some party or parties, a very different thing.

Spragg had gone out with the idea of converting his own shares into funds at once upon the most favorable terms, but the excitement was so visibly on the increase, and the mysterious purchasers of "Gopher Hill," so palpably bent on being the sole proprietors of that concern that he caught the infection and paused. Before he returned to his office, he was intercepted by no less than three brokers, all eager to purchase his shares, for which the last one offered him eighty-five, and he came to the conclusion that it was not the most favorable time to sell, and when next morning he read in one of the city dailies, a cautiously worded account of the re-opening of a deserted silver mine in Nevada, which promised to be one of the richest deposits on the continent, and the shrewd operations of certain persons who had become cognizant of the fact and had already bought up a large proportion of the stock at nominal figures, he questioned seriously whether he had better sell at all. The evening papers took up the story with many additions and details.

Spragg considered, as a man naturally would who was playing a game for a heavy stake. It was of course possible that it might be a well contrived scheme to inflate stock for which there was no real value, but on the other hand it was by no means unreasonable to suppose that a thorough investigation had discovered rich mineral resources in a mine that had been abandoned after a very superficial development, and this view of the case was corroborated by the avidity with which the stock was sought, and the figures he had been offered for his own.

Nature and experience had made Samuel Spragg cautious; but when his mind was made up he acted promptly. From all that he could learn he was convinced that there was money in "Gopher Hill," and by the next morning, he was not only fully resolved to hold on to his own shares but to enter the market as a purchaser.

There is much of the same fascination that attends the gambling table in stock speculations, and once again embarked in it, Mr. Spragg did nothing by halves. At the very time of all others when he was anxious to retrieve lost ground, the opportunity seemed to present itself, and before the expiration of the twenty-four hours, he had raised what money he could upon his available property and was ready to begin the campaign in earnest.

The excitement had still in no wise diminished, and he found few sellers. The majority of the holders had disposed of their shares at the first opportunity, and the few who had not like himself had caught the infection and did not care to sell, but he gave his brokers *carte blanche* to purchase all they could get hold of, and it then became a contest between his agents and those of the mysterious parties who had started the *furore*.

For two or three days the battle raged without perceptible advantage to either side, and then one memorable afternoon, Spragg's men returned from the field triumphant. They had gone to the uttermost limit of his resources, but what of that? He was the owner of more than half the stock that had ever been issued by the Gopher Hill company, and could afford to rest on his oars till his antagonists chose to discover themselves and hold a parley.

As he sat in his office that afternoon complacently considering his financial victory, the door opened, and in walked Mr. Marwood, who had not dogged his steps for many a day.

"I hear you are a purchaser of Gopher Hill stock," he said with his harsh metallic laugh. "I have a little—a very little—do you want it, Spragg."

"I believe I mentioned the last time I saw you, my friend," Mr. Spragg said with his most sharkish smile, "that the next time you favored me with your company, I should have you taken to the station house."

"But you won't do it, Spragg—you won't do it—for as usual I come to do you a favor. Your son had an awful attack of delirium tremens this afternoon. I tried to bring him home to you, but he raised the devil's own rumpus, so I let the police take him to the hospital. They say he'll die, Spragg, and I shouldn't wonder if he did."

"Let him then! for a worthless scape-gallows as he is!" the merchant answered resolutely, though his face became a little paler, and the nervous twitching around the corners of his mouth showed that he had some feelings of a father left.

"That's right, Spragg—I like to see a man bear up against trouble—it looks strong and plucky; but to pass on to more important matters, don't you want my stock—I'll sell it cheap—give it to you if you like."

"Damn you and your stock!" Spragg cried rising in fierce wrath. "In the devil's name who are you? and why do you follow me like a cursed blood-hound? Do I owe you anything? do you want money?"

"You did owe me, and I did want money, but our accounts are all balanced now—Spragg, and I called to pass receipts."

There was something in the strange old man's manner which struck the merchant speechless with a vague, undefinable terror. Mr. Marwood seemed to be conscious of and to enjoy it, for he stood regarding him with a malicious smile for a few moments, and then said—

"You asked who I was just now, in the name of your father, the devil. I believe you have asked the question once or twice before. I wasn't ready to answer you then, but I am now. I used to be called years ago, before I spent a decade of my life in an Austrian prison—Mac Ivor Fairstar. Did you ever hear the name, Spragg?"

Mr. Spragg sunk back into his chair, staring at the other with a fixed, stony gaze, but uttering no word.

"You are a cowardly dog," the old man continued with a contemptuous sneer, and spurning him with his foot—"You anticipate that a day of reckoning has come,—that I have found out a punishment for your perfidy towards my daughter, whom I trusted to your care—and you are afraid, you dog."

"But I have made restitution." Spragg answered in a broken voice—"what more would you have?"

"I would have revenge—full and complete for all the wrong you have done me and mine. I have had it—I am having it now. I have told you where and what your son is to-night—a drunkard, dying of a drunkard's delirium at a public hospital—*I* brought him there—I did it on purpose—but I have not told you, though you guess it, you dog, and that's what makes you tremble and turn white—that I have made you a beggar too. It was *I* who expended a fortune in the purchase of those stocks that you might fall into a snare—it was *I* who wrote those articles and caused them to be inserted in the papers—it was *I* who put in circulation all those rumors by which you were deluded, and it was my agents who sold this afternoon according to my instructions the worthless trash you bought, and gave me back twice over what I had expended to affect your ruin—and this evening's paper will explode the bubble I have blown for your sole benefit?

Spragg rose to his feet and looked about him with a bewildered air, and then sat down again without speaking, and his tormentor went on.

"This balances our accounts, Spragg. You stole the inheritance of my helpless, friendless girl, and with it built up a fortune, but your iniquity has found you out, and with no son to lean on, you are left in your old age to begin the world again. Are you punished, Spragg? are you punished?"

"Yes," the merchant mechanically answered, "I have nothing else to lose but my wife and daughter and my life—do you want these?"

"No, you cowering, broken down, abject cur. For the first you do not care, and you are welcome to the latter. Keep your life—live ten, twenty, a hundred years if you can—become a miserable, poverty-stricken wretch, with no place to lay your head, as my daughter might have had no place to lay here through your villainy. And when you can suffer no more, die in the gutter, and go to where you belong. Good-bye, Spragg. Within three hours I shall be on the ocean."

The old man was gone, but Spragg still bewildered sat idly drumming with his fingers upon the table, striving to collect his senses, which seemed strangely scattered and confused, and to recall what had happened; but his thoughts wandered every moment, and he could not fix them upon any definite object, besides the whim had someway got into his head that the old man was still there, clutching at his throat and trying to strangle him. He felt the fingers closing over his windpipe and tried with his own to tear them away, but he could not do it. Failing in this he strove to call for assistance, but his tongue refused to do its office, producing only a faint, inarticulate murmur. Still the grasp tightened, though he continued to drum monotonously upon the table. Then the messenger came in hurriedly, threw half-a-dozen letters and the evening paper down before him and withdrew again. Spragg struggled till the blood seemed bursting from his mouth and eyes to speak, and bid him stay and drive off the vengeful old man who was choking him, but once more his voice dwindled into an inarticulate murmur, too indistinct to reach the ear of the retreating attendant.

He turned his weary eyes upon which leaden weights seemed to lie heavily. They rested on the paper as it had been thrown down open before him. There was an article on the first page with a display heading that was a good synopsis of the whole, and though his sight was failing, he read it at one slow, painful glance, and his waning reason comprehended that it was even as the old man had promised—the bubble was exploded—the world knew it, and he was *ruined*. Samuel Spragg fell forward a living corpse, stricken down with *paralysis*.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ A "millionaire" advertises to the following effect in La Patrie: "A foreign gentleman, elderly, but a millionaire and the owner of mines, desires to marry a young French orphan, (or even a natural child,) free from every natural family tie and completely without fortune."

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

There is beauty in the forest,
Where the trees are green and fair;
There is beauty in the meadow,
Where the flowers scent the air:
There is beauty in the sunlight,
And the soft blue beam above;
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the fountain,
Singing gayly at its play,
While rainbow hues are glittering
On its silvery, shiny spray.
There is beauty in the streamlet,
Murmuring softly through the grove;
Oh! the world is full of beauty,
When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the moonlight,
When it sleeps upon the sea,
While the blue, foam-crested billows
Dance and frolic joyously;
There is beauty in the lightning gleams
That o'er the dark waves rove;
Oh! the world is full of beauty,
When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the brightness
Beaming from a loving eye,
In the warm blush of affection,
In the tear of sympathy;
In the sweet, low voice whose accents
The spirit's gladness prove:
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love!

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Mme. Gauthier was only twenty-two. She was exactly one of those Parisian women that possess the wonderful charm for which Parisian women are celebrated all over the world, while foreigners, even while acknowledging the existence of her fascination, wondered in what it consisted. Her features were not regular, but then they were expressive, and her eyes were large, dark, and full of both mind, wit and soul; true Parisian eyes, sufficient in themselves for beauty. Her hair was black, glossy, and abundant; her skin, though a little dark, was smooth. Her figure was graceful, and she possessed, above all, the art of dress. There was a trimness and neatness in her appearance that would in itself have sufficed for beauty. Her manners were charming, too, winning, seductive, attractive, and, by some strange chance, as pleasing to her own sex as to the lords of the creation.

The neighbors, when they envied the prosperity of Monsieur and Madame Gauthier, attributed half of it to Madame Gauthier's manners; for pretty, charming Madame Gauthier was nothing but a simple bourgeois—a *parfumeuse*,—by which is meant that she kept an establishment for the sale of gloves, perfumes, portemonnaies, hair brushes, and every sort of fancy article.

She was not, however, a widow, but in full possession of a young, handsome husband, whom she adored, and who adored her with the reservations which all men allow themselves, but never admit for an instant in their wives.

Gervais Gauthier was not, however, an idle, an ill-tempered or a dissipated man, but he had the misfortune to be a very handsome fellow, and to have a host of friends ready to congratulate him on the conquests he was supposed to make.

He really loved his wife, but he possessed all his sex's vanity, which persuaded him that he was irresistible, and all the false pride of men's code of morals which prevented his refusing to meet the advances that were made to him.

As yet, however, three years after marriage, their domestic peace had not been invaded. Gervais had really endeavored to avoid all temptations, but above all he had sedulously kept all knowledge of his indiscretions from his wife.

This was owing not so much to his own discretion as to the absence of all suspicion on the part of his wife.

But then a woman so thoroughly occupied as was Juliette Gauthier, never an instant, except on a Sunday, from home, had no leisure for vain imaginings or jealous fancies. Her customers and her neat little household filled up all her time and fully occupied her mind; but the motive of all her actions was her love for Gervais, that gave a golden trait to all. Gervais presided over the manufacture of the gloves they sold, not as yet a very extensive one, but one which, with Mme. Gervais's talent for increasing and attracting custom, promised in time to become extensive and profitable.

One evening, towards eleven o'clock, Mme. Gervais opened the door of her shop and stood on the step, looking anxiously up and down the street. It was an unusual occurrence with her to watch her husband; she had this time neither anxiety nor suspicion, but she was peculiarly anxious on that evening for his return, for the simply prosaic reason that she had prepared a delicious little supper for him, with many delicacies not usual; for this special evening was the anniversary of their first meeting, and she knew that no attention is so much appreciated by a husband as attention to what he eats and what he drinks.

"Watching for your husband, neighbor?" cried a masculine voice, speaking from the other side of the street, and startling Juliette for an instant.

"Oh! is that you, neighbor Flamet? How is it you are mounting guard at your door at such an hour as this?"

"I can't sleep, Mme. Gervais, but I'll just come over and have a gossip with you, if you will allow me."

"Certainly; here on my door-steps, if you like; but I can't ask you in, for it's too late, and—"

"And you can't forget that little circumstance—"

"Well, don't you remind me of it."

"Not unless you will let me tell you how very charming you look to-night in the moonlight."

"That's exactly what I won't allow; and if you don't change the subject, why, you will force me to go in and shut the door."

"Well, then, we will change the subject to one peculiarly agreeable to you—your husband."

"Well, I'm always glad to talk of him."

"You are terribly in love with him, and, to be sure, he's a handsome fellow. I hear all the women say so; they look after him as he goes along the street, and I tell you, Mme. Gervais, I have seen many a fine lady gaze out of her carriage window with looks of admiration at Gervais."

"There are not many fine gentlemen like him."

"And with all this, ain't you just a little bit jealous?"

"Jealous! Why should I be jealous? Gervais is as kind and affectionate to me as in the first days of our marriage; he loves me; he is my husband, and I'm sure he never could love any woman as he loves me."

"Sublime confidence! And yet he is often away of an evening."

"Men like the companionship of men; they have not our household occupations; it is natural they should want to go out more than we women do. Of course, I could make myself miserable if I liked; I could imagine all sorts of things; I could fancy I had a dozen rivals; that he was faithless; that he was deceiving me; but then all I should do would be to make him miserable, our home dull and uncomfortable, and myself wretched. Oh, no! I've loved and trusted him ever since we've been married; I've found the system a good one, and I mean to continue it."

"Very good! charming! what a husband I should have made if you had been my wife!"

"Yes; but you see I was destined to be Gervais's wife, and so I never could have been yours; for marriages are made in Heaven, you know, and Gervais's name and mine were written there side by side. I never could have loved or married any one else."

"Charming! Well, where do you suppose your husband is at this present time? Now you hear half-past eleven is just striking."

"Well, he may have met a friend and gone to the theatre with him."

"That's pretty conduct; if he goes to the theatre I think he might take you; you don't go out so often, I'm sure."

"So he would any time, if I asked him; but that's no reason why he shouldn't go by himself; and when he comes home he'll tell me all about it; that will be as good as going myself."

"You are the strangest woman I ever met with, Mme. Gervais. Yet, if you would only listen, I could tell you—"

"Nothing about my husband, if you please, neighbor, for I will listen to nothing; and now I think of it, the best thing I can do is to go in; it's getting cool out here. Good-night, neighbor."

"Good-night, Mme. Gervais Gauthier! if your husband should happen to stay out all night, and you should feel frightened, why, you have only just to knock against the wall."

"All right," replied Juliette, as she closed her door and went in; "that's as likely as that the moon will shine to-morrow at mid-day."

Mme. Gauthier had not feigned the full trust and confidence she had expressed in her husband; she felt it in her heart; yet, on this especial evening she walked about her little parlor, and then up and down the long, narrow shop with an impatient step, and just one degree of impatience and irritation in her temper. Now she changed some of the arrangements on her neatly laid supper table; now she looked into the kitchen to be sure that it was not coming to harm, for she had sent her servant to bed; and now she busied herself in putting her store to rights, examining and polishing various little fancy articles, arranging them in their cases in a different manner.

In her various gyrations, she at last opened the private drawer in which, during the day, she thrust the money she took, and any bill or order that might be received. The money had all been put away; but it was some relief to her to find that there were two or three notes (orders, no doubt,) that had not been opened.

With a sigh of relief at the thought that she had found something that would occupy a little of the time that now began to hang heavily, she sat down, drew the lamp towards her, and proceeded with her occupation.

The first was an order for pearl-colored gloves, one dozen, five-and-a-half, Mme. Virginie St. Elene, Rue St. George.

"They must be made carefully, for these ladies of the *demi monde* are terribly particular. I must give the order to Gervais."

The next note was an excuse for not paying a bill. This required no comment.

The third note, which she opened slowly, for she saw nothing to do after this occupation should be exhausted; but after reading the two first lines, it seemed to Juliette that she should never want another occupation. The note ran thus:—

MADAME—You are deceived. Some one who knows your blind confidence in your husband, and your love for him, sends you this warning. This evening he has an appointment with your rival. He will return late, or if he comes early, he will find an excuse for leaving you, and not return before morning. This letter is anonymous, but can be relied on, as no malicious motive dictates it.

Twice Juliette read this letter, once with astonishment, the next with scorn, and lastly with a feeling of deep sorrow. After a few minutes' reflection, Juliette leaned over the counter, buried her head in her handkerchief, and burst into tears.

At that moment she heard her husband's key in the door, and starting up, a profound feeling of indignation took possession of her; she resolved that at once she would have an explanation, and make Gervais ashamed of himself.

But by the time he had entered and closed the door, Juliette changed her purpose, thrust the offending letter in her pocket, and advanced to meet her husband with a smile.

"How tired you look, dear Gervais," said she, carefully avoiding to say, "how late you are; come directly into the parlor, and have a glass of wine."

"I am tired. I have been about with my old friend Hector."

"Hector Trimin—why, is he in Paris?"

"Yes, he arrived from Tours this very day."

"It is strange he didn't come here."

"Don't you believe what I am telling you?" said Gervais, with a look of offended dignity at his wife.

"Why, how absurd you are, Gervais. Did I ever doubt you, and what motive could you possibly have for deceiving me?"

"Why none, of course; but, dearest, I wish you would hurry the supper."

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes, but that is not the reason I want you to hurry; I have to go out again."

"At this time of the night?"

"Yes, Hector is not well, and I promised to bring a doctor and stay a few hours with him. In fact I shouldn't have come here at all, but that I thought you would get anxious."

"Poor Hector," said Juliette, "I will hurry the supper, for it is a terrible thing to be alone in a hotel in sickness."

Mme. Gervais hurried from the room. Perhaps she was a little longer than necessity required, because she couldn't prevent crying a little, and she waited till all traces of tears had vanished.

But she took heart at last; with a sweet smile on her face she re-entered the room, bearing in her hands a fine smoking rabbit."

"Humph! that smells good," cried Gervais, turning towards the table.

"Wait a little, that is not all," and in another moment Mme. Gervais placed on the table a lobster salad and a plate of peaches.

"A feast!"

"Yes, come to the table now; it is a feast, and this completes it—"

"What, a bottle of champagne? why, what has happened?"

"Nothing has happened, but this is a peculiar day, one we always celebrate."

"Not our wedding day?"

"No, I should think you wouldn't forget that. How do you like the rabbit?"

"Delicious."

"I cooked it myself—now a glass of champagne."

"In honor of what or whom?" said Gervais, holding out his glass.

"In honor of the luckiest and happiest day of my life—the day I first met you, dear Gervais."

"Is this the anniversary of that day? You are very happy, then, Juliette, that you remember that day after we have been so long married."

"So happy, there has never been a cloud between us, and we have never had our first quarrel yet."

"A long honeymoon."

"Try the lobster salad, and don't let the champagne get dull," said Juliette, with a gayety that was just a little forced. Gervais swallowed the champagne with thorough appreciation, but with just a little pang of remorse.

"If she had been cross; if she had only been just a little suspicious. I wouldn't have cared so much, but now there's something mean about deceiving her, and, after all, Juliette is ten times prettier, ten times more agreeable, and—"

"Another glass of champagne," cried Juliette; "you know I can't drink more than one glass, so you must finish the bottle."

Gervais ate his peaches and drank his champagne almost without speaking, but his wife chattered gayly on. She had never been more brilliant or more affectionate.

"How well I remember the first words you spoke to me. You know you quite frightened me; you were so very handsome."

"Flatterer."

"Not at all; do you know that my aunt was afraid to let me marry you? She said you were too handsome for a husband."

"That was a strange objection."

"Oh, no; she said that you would never be faithful; never fit for domestic life; never satisfied with one love. But how mistaken she was."

"Very much mistaken."

"She said, too, my aunt, that I should be jealous. Ah, really, that was too ridiculous."

"Very ridiculous," said Gervais, with a very faint attempt at laughter.

"I have never felt jealous in my life; it is true you never gave me the slightest cause."

"Of course not."

"But now, my dear Gervais, if you have finished supper, I think you had better go, for poor Hector must be very lonely, and may be very ill, you know."

"Yes," said Gervais, without looking at her or attempting to rise. "Yes, he may be lonely."

"And sick; come, Gervais, you had better go. But I can't let you go out as you look now, you know the physician might wonder what ruffian was sent after him, and you may not come back till daylight; then how would you look?"

"I shall be sure to be back before daylight."

"Never mind, I'll just get you a clean white vest and another cravat."

Here Juliette, with a passing kiss on her husband's forehead, left the room. Gervais, starting up, began to walk uneasily about.

"She is a woman in a thousand; and how very pretty and graceful she is. I am a fool to run after that other woman; but then what will she think of me? she will think I was afraid. No, I suppose I must go."

"Here, Gervais," exclaimed Juliette, coming gayly into the room; "how nice I am going to make you look. Come, first let me arrange your hair."

Gervais sat down, and Juliette, seating herself in his lap, began, with a delicate tortoise-shell comb, to arrange his hair.

"Keep me steady," said she; and Gervais put his arm around her; "but don't hold me so closely to you, or I can't see you."

"You are an angel, Juliette," said he, "and I don't feel as if I deserved you."

"Not deserve me!" and she looked straight up at him with her large, clear, dark eyes; "why it is you who have made me what I am; if you had been such a husband as my aunt thought you would be who knows what I might have turned out—a gay, good-for-nothing coquette. But you have always been so faithful, so good, so attentive, that I have never had any temptation to be other than a good wife. There, now you are ready, see how nicely you look; you will do me credit, for we can always see when a married man has a good wife from the way in which he and his clothes look. Come, remember poor Hector—why, I declare, it's almost half-past twelve o'clock."

"You will not sit up for me?" said Gervais, going towards the door.

"Oh, of course not, though I may not be able to sleep much. Good night."

Juliette held up her mouth to be kissed—a very pretty, fresh, red mouth, and Gervais pressed his lips to hers, feeling himself a profound rascal.

"If she had only been cross; but to deceive her seems like striking an unarmed man—it seems cowardly."

Nevertheless Gervais opened the door, again nodded to his wife, and so passed out into the street.

Juliette sank down into a chair, clasping her hands in mute despair. All at once she starts up.

What is that she hears? Surely there is a key turning in the door; yes, and now the door opens and Gervais enters.

Instantly Juliette recovers her smiling good humor.

"Have you forgotten something?"

"No, but I think on second thoughts that if Hector hadn't been better he would have sent to me."

"Of course."

"Well, and so as he hasn't sent I think he must be better; and so, Juliette, darling, I won't go out again to-night."

"I am so glad, Gervais," said she, throwing herself into his arms, where she felt inclined to sob, but she didn't; and as she lay with her head on his shoulder, she said to herself—"It's been a great effort, but I have succeeded; gentleness, love, and a good supper perform miracles. If I had been cross and shown him the letter he would have gone away, and we should have had a standing quarrel for life. Yes, I think I have found out 'the way to keep him.'"

THE REASON.

Lady, I see your eyes that glance my way;
I mark your radiant beauty as you move;
I know that at a word which I might say,
Love would be met by love.

Why is it that I leave that word unsaid?
Why am I gravest to your brightest smiles?
And wherefore do I turn a listless head
Deaf to your queenly wiles?

I know how many seek you, whom the spell
Of your fair face draws all resistless on:
How your soft-syllabled "No" has oft to tell
You are not lightly won.

I know that these you chill, and me you seek—
Me, not more worthy: me, so stern and still;
Nor am I silent from a fear to speak,
Or from divided will.

Nor deem it is in malice that I wait
Until that it might please me to repay
Love with the largess of myself—so late
From willing proud delay.

No, no. 'Twere basest treason even in thought,
To thy high soul, that should not stoop to sue;
To thee, to whom all lowly I have sought
To render homage due.

Lady, I have no love to give. Ere now
'Tis given, to one with face as fair as thine:
Few years had passed upon her ivory brow
When all her heart was mine.

Do I not claim her? *She is claimed*—and I
Am happy, though sometimes mine eyes be dim;
She whom God lent of His great charity
Hath now returned to Him.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the quiet of Silverdale, Adriana had time to consider the past, and plan for the future. If there were a chance of Mr. Etheredge's buying Trenholm, the sooner she left Silverdale the better. She had no wish to meet him. What an unfortunate circumstance that he should be Mr. Clinton's cousin. It seemed as though the fates pursued her.

Good Mrs. Davis watched her, and, though satisfied that she was regaining health and strength, she yet did not fail to perceive that there was a cloud hanging over her that neither time nor change seemed to remove.

"Tell me, my dear, what is it that frets you? I was your mother's best-loved playmate: poor Susie and I had no secrets."

And then Adriana opened her heart, and poured forth her story and its sequel into the astonished ears of Mrs. Davis.

"It's just one of those romances that people write about, Adrie, dear, and it's not without its difficulties."

"Difficulties of my own making," said Adriana.

"Not quite, not quite," returned the sympathising Mrs. Davis; "it partly comes of all this learning and education. And yet I am not so sure of that neither, since I've known Mr. Clinton. But perhaps learning does better for men than women, they can stand it better. I can't say. Nevertheless, it seems to me that clever people are just the ones who are always doing the most foolish things, stumbling over sticks and stones that simpler folks would lift out of the way. Their heads are so filled with fancies that they get confused, and then they've too good an opinion of themselves, and they don't see anything rightly."

"I *know* I was wrong," murmured Adriana.

"Ah, child, you wanted a guide: we can't any of us go right without one. It's all very well this talk of perfection that people make such a fuss about, but I never saw the man, woman, or child yet that came anything near it. It will do now and then for a little fair-weather sailing, but when a storm comes, where are you? It's like tossing about in a boat without a rudder; you can't steer to land. No, no, Adrie, there's nothing in it."

"But I did not wish to do what I knew to be the right thing to do."

"And, maybe, if you had wished, you'd not have been much nearer doing it. You would have found stumbling-blocks that you could not get over by yourself, and, you'll pardon an old woman, Adrie, but you're not just in the way to trust in any one else."

"Was I very wrong? I wished so to see him again."

"Ay, lassie, it might have been a temptation, I grant, but it was over-venturesome to try it. When anything has a doubtful look, you may be pretty sure you're not on the safe side. And to think of the hard thoughts it made you indulge in towards those who never did you an injury!"

"I don't think hardly of Mrs. Braddick; I don't hate her; I don't wish anything to be different. I would not change places with her now; it's all passed by, and I'm willing to go my way quietly. I've seen for myself the vanity of all things; no one can teach us that lesson, Cousin Davis; it is a lesson each in the bitterness of his soul must learn for himself."

"And what is the use of the lesson, Adrie?"

"I wish I were dead!" said Adriana, passionately.

"Oh, no, my dear," said Mrs. Davis soothingly; "there is another peace waiting for us, even on earth, if we learn our lesson rightly."

Adriana looked at Mrs. Davis. Was this the homely housewife that she had almost despised? Her words seemed well-nigh eloquent.

"I should like to be at peace," she said, almost humbly; but it is hard to find it after a life like mine. I have so much to look back upon and ceaselessly regret. You and Katy have nothing to upbraid yourselves with, but for me it is very different. I am like the weed tossed upon the wave. I can find no rest. I want rest and I want work; the one will not come without the other. I cannot stay idle here, and I'm not rich enough to live elsewhere."

"You've a home here, Adrie. We've enough and to spare, and Susie's child is next to my own."

"I cannot stay, I cannot meet Mr. Etheredge."

"He may never come. There's little to be trusted to hearsay. If there had been much in this Trenholm business, you would doubtless have heard something about it."

Not so certain, for Adriana had seen but little of the family at Etheredge Court for some weeks prior to her departure.

And the days went on and on, and Mr. Clinton came, and Katy was inexpressibly happy. There was something in her happiness very soothing to Adriana. She watched jealously to see that Katy was not undervalued, but she watched in vain. Mr. Clinton had seen enough of the world to know the value of an honest loving heart.

"It's all right there," thought Adriana. "Pooh! why am I setting myself up as a guardian, when I have shown sufficient inability in my own case? What is it?" asked she, as Katy stooped to pick something that had fallen.

"My look—your locket, Adrie, that I gave you."

"Is it? I thought I had lost it in packing; it must have got into the folds of my dress. I looked upon it as a bad omen; it seem to have left me. You have given it me twice, Katy."

As Adriana took it, Katy asked, timidly,—

"Have you ever opened it, Adrie?"

"Yes. Do you think I have been entitled to do so? you remember the conditions?"

"Oh, I did not mean——."

"Anything but what is perfectly right. I understand. But I did meet with a stumbling-block, and I did fall over it, and then I opened the locket."

"Adrie, is it true, do you think,—I mean do you know what I mean?"

"What a very puzzling sentence," said Mr. Clinton, advancing from the other end of the room.

"Have you heard what we were talking of?"

"No, otherwise I might, perhaps, have understood your sentence. But I want you to walk over to Clayfield with me; perhaps Miss Linden will join us."

"Thank you, no; I am luxurious enough to prefer sitting by the fire."

And when Mr. Clinton and Katy had gone, she drew her chair still nearer, and, looking into the red embers, she drew therefrom a quaint fantastic gallery of pictures of the past, and as each rose before her she sighed deeply.

"It is time to have done with all sentimental folly," so ran her reverie; "the past has run its course. 'There is a time for everything,' and my life-dream has had its time and place. It was not out of season in its day, but it's terribly old-fashioned now, worn quite threadbare. *Vale!* I could almost laugh at it, so motley are its colors and so strangely torn," and she laughed aloud, but the tears were running down her cheeks; "and yet it's hard parting with an old friend. Nevertheless, *Vale!* 'Let the dead bury their dead,' and from the grave of the past let a better life arise. A living sermon, with little Katy's quotation for its text,—Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Adrie," said Mrs. Davis, "do you remember a cousin of my husband's, Rebecca Davis? She belongs to the Society of Friends. I mind your taking a great fancy to her when you were but a small child; but perhaps you have forgotten her."

"Forgotten! oh, no, I remember her as if it were but yesterday that I saw her; a fair, thin elderly lady, with mild grey eyes, and light-brown hair, as smooth as glass, and her white cap, and her grey dress. It's nearly twenty years ago, but I remember her quite well."

"Her hair's white now, and she's getting older, Adrie; she's lonely, and yet I ought not to say that, for if ever any one was cheerful and content, it is Cousin Rebecca. But she is alone, Adrie, and I was thinking, if you would not find it dull, she'll be glad to have you, and it would not be like going among strangers again."

"But I want work; how am I to live without doing anything? I'm not a lady any longer, I must earn my bread; ladies," she said, half bitterly, "never do that."

Mrs. Davis looked at her sorrowfully.

"Never say that, Adrie. A lady born will die a lady. It's not work that can take that heritage from her. You'll be a lady to the end of your days, dear. But it will little matter when you are resting under the green sod whether you trod palace-floors, or the brick tiling of a cottage: the footsteps all wend towards the same bourne, but it's rougher, and there are more slips and stumbles for some than for others. I sometimes look back to the old times, Adrie, and my heart misgives me about the pomps and vanities of life now-a-days. They say the heart is the same in all ages, but these new-fangled wants and fancies that are springing up make me think of an old couplet I once heard,—

"'When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?'"

"You dear, good, revolutionary, philosophical Cousin Davis," said Adriana, with unusual animation. "I've not heard anything I've liked so much as to hear you talk for a long time. It's better than a sermon."

"Hush, hush, Adrie dear," replied Mrs. Davis, "it's not fitting to think lightly of sermons."

"I don't," said Adriana; "I find them heavy enough."

"Rebecca Davis was reckoned a good preacher in her day," said Mrs. Davis.

"She's a good woman," said Adriana, suddenly.

"She's lived out her sermons," answered Mrs. Davis; "the preaching and the practice went together."

"I think I'll go to her," said Adriana, still communing with her own thoughts.

"She'd be right glad to see you."

"There would be no work," continued Adriana. "I must have work."

"There would be no lack of that with Cousin Rebecca," said Mrs. Davis, smiling.

"And it's far away," said Adriana, still pursuing her own thoughts.

"Far enough, and a lone, wild place it is, close down by the sea; no one but Cousin Re-

beca would have chosen such a wild place; but the wilder, she said, the more need of softening. Scarce a house within walking distance, save the poor hovels of the fishermen. It's quite out of the world."

Adriana was listening attentively.

"Out of the world, out of the world, just the place for me. You think I'm weak, Cousin Davis. So I am. But there's one comfort, I know it. I want strength. I've been sorely tossed, and I've got out of belief with everything. I know what you think," said she, springing up, as was her wont when she became excited, "I've been made the wreck of a foolish love-story that ought to have been forgotten long ago. I know you will say it's nothing uncommon. I dare say I've been proud and rebellious and repining all the time that I thought I was enduring like a heroine. I'm willing to bear any amount of blame, but I want to get rid of it all now. I see that I've been making a ridiculous martyr of myself; and," she added mentally, "I don't think Charles Cunningham was by any means worth it. The ideal of a girl under twenty is by no means the ideal of a woman. He is not up to my standard now." Which mental comment she powdered on at leisure during the next week, and derived much consolation therefrom. "I'm glad I did not marry him. He's well enough for Mrs. Braddick: yet I should never have found it out, but for my stay at Etheredge Court. Everything turns out for the best! Then why can't people wait for the turning out? A wrestling, I suppose, of free-will with destiny. The two run together, but can't be reconciled; and which preponderates it is hard to say: sometimes one seems to have the upper hand, sometimes the other. I've had enough free-will for the present; I've got into the waiting humor; there's something very luxurious in drifting with the course of events. Old Time is obliged to carry one along, and he seems to fly the faster the more burden he carries. The older he gets the faster he goes, and yet he is no nearer the goal."

Which last thought set Adriana thinking of a certain unsolved problem of childhood upon eternity.

CHAPTER XX.

"It's odd, Charles," said Mr. Etheredge, "that Trenholm should be in ——shire."

Mr. Braddick looked puzzled.

"I really don't see anything remarkable in it, nor anything objectionable either, as your tone seems to imply."

"Miss Linden's friends live in ——shire."

"How do you know that?" asked Mr. Braddick sharply, "and what has that to do with the matter?"

"Miss Linden is the last person I wish to meet with," said Mr. Etheredge gravely.

Mr. Braddick sprang up impetuously.

"What do you mean, Richard?"

"What I say," returned Mr. Etheredge.

"What in the world is Miss Linden to you?" inquired Mr. Braddick, almost angrily.

"Nothing and everything, Charles," replied his brother. "I've fallen in love too late, and have made a fool of myself." And he strode up and down the room.

Mr. Braddick gazed at him with unfeigned astonishment; he had never seen him so moved before. Putting his hand on Mr. Etheredge's shoulder:

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Do?" said Mr. Etheredge, pausing and suddenly confronting him, "what can a man do when he has been refused?"

Mr. Braddick started.

"You don't mean that you have made her an offer?" said he, with some effort.

"I do." And Mr. Etheredge strode up and down more energetically than before.

"Miss Linden, my sister!" ejaculated Mr. Braddick.

"Why not?"

But Mr. Braddick made no answer; he had thrown himself back in a chair, and was repeating softly to himself,—

"Miss Linden, my *sister*,—never, never, never!"

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Etheredge, with some irritation; "you really are a most unreasonable fellow, Charles. Why should not I marry Miss Linden, since you *would* not?"

Mr. Braddick's eyes flashed.

"Richard, I can't stand this."

"Neither can I. Why should not I marry Miss Linden?"

"It seems she has settled the point," returned Mr. Braddick, brusquely; then, as a thought occurred to him, "perhaps," he continued sarcastically, "she may yet be won, as she seems to have left you her address."

Mr. Etheredge stopped.

"Charles, this is unworthy of you. Miss Linden gave me no clue wherewith to guide me either to herself or to her relatives. It was my own finding out."

"So much the better. We should cease to be as brothers if so dark a shadow of the past came between us. I'm very glad she refused you;" and Mr. Braddick paced up and down, and jerked out his sentences. "It's a dence of a catastrophe, Richard. It seems as if one can never get rid of what one wants to get rid of. Turning up when one least expects it. Disarranging families. Who on earth could have ever supposed that Miss Linden would come to Etheredge Court? And why on earth you should take it into your head to fall in love with her, is more than I can account for."

"Perhaps, if you take the matter into consideration, you may not find it altogether so difficult a problem to solve," rejoined Mr. Etheredge dryly.

"I don't intend to take it into consideration. It's settled without my entering into it, and I'm glad of it."

And Mr. Braddick hastily left the room, banging the door after him.

Mr. Etheredge stood for a moment in deep thought, the result of which escaped him in the following sentence:—

"Poor Charles! very natural, very natural."

Mr. Braddick, in a more unphilosophical state of mind, made his way to his wife's morning-room.

There he found her sitting quietly over her embroidery-frame. A very becoming loose robe of the palest green contrasted well with her complexion, and she greeted her husband with a placid smile. But as her eye fell upon his agitated countenance, the conviction forced itself, even upon her, that something unusual had happened. Mr. Braddick threw himself down upon the sofa, but said nothing. Mrs. Braddick resumed her work,—stitch, stitch, stitch,—then she fastened off, cut the end of wool, and proceeded to fill her needle from another shade.

"Margaret!"

Mrs. Braddick threaded her needle, and laid it down on the table.

"Has anything happened, Charles? you seem disturbed this morning. I don't half like your looks. Has anything unpleasant occurred?"

"Occurred! Margaret, I do believe nothing would disturb your equanimity. I'm disturbed almost past enduring, and yet it's no matter now, for it's all over."

"And what is it, Charles?"

The tea was producing a cooling effect upon Mr. Braddick's irritated spirit.

"Well, perhaps after all it does not matter so much, but it seemed little short of a miracle."

"What seemed?"

"The idea of Richard's falling in love!"

"Richard! dear me!—Richard!" said Mrs. Braddick, suddenly rousing herself, and with whom? Who is it? tell me. I'm dying to hear."

"Curiosity," returned Mr. Braddick; "no woman can resist hearing secrets."

"Now, Charles, don't tease, tell me at once."

"It's so absurd, it's really a pity I said anything about it."

"Nonsense, you must tell me, now you've raised my curiosity."

"Guess."

"I hate guessing: besides, I never find anything out," said Mrs. Braddick, quite unconscious of the truism she was uttering.

"Then you give up at once?"

"Of course I do; don't be provoking."

"What do you think of Miss Linden?"

"Miss Linden!" responded Mrs. Braddick, in a tone of the deepest amazement. "I thought Richard hated her."

"Well, I never thought otherwise till very lately. However, she's refused him."

"And I don't wonder at it," replied Mrs. Braddick, quite energetically; "if that's Richard's way of making himself agreeable, he'll never succeed. If you had been half so rude to me as he has been to Miss Linden, I should have said 'No' at once."

"Well, 'All's well that ends well,' and there's no danger of your having her for a sister-in-law."

"I'm not sure that I'm glad, Charles," returned Mrs. Braddick, thoughtfully. "I was very fond of Miss Linden; I think, indeed, I am quite sure that I wish she would have married Richard, but of course one could not expect it."

Charles Braddick looked at his wife in unmitigated surprise.

"Yes, my dear," continued she, "I should be glad to have her for a sister; I quite trusted in her, and I've been much happier since I knew her. I know all that you think: it would have been no match for Richard, as she was a governess; but we might have got over that; she never taught any children but ours, so, of course, never received any money from any one. I can see exactly your ideas; it would not have been pleasant for any one to have it in their power to say, 'We paid Mrs. Richard Etheredge so much a quarter for teaching our children;' but then, you see, no one but ourselves could say that, and of course we should never say it, and so it never would be said. If I had only had the least suspicion of the case, I might have done so much to bring it about,—Charles, I shall almost upbraid myself."

"I shan't. I'm very glad that nothing of the kind is likely to happen."

"Yes, I can understand your reasons perfectly, and I quite appreciate them."

Mr. Braddick winced.

"Not quite," said he, slowly.

And as he said it, the thought again crossed his mind. What if he should make his wife a confidant of his early life? For a moment he was again tempted to do it. But he drove the thought away. His wife had ever been an affectionate wife to him, and had he any right, nay, was there not something cowardly in even wishing to share his burden with one who could only be distressed by its recital?

No. The past must be a sealed book for ever; and though in years to come he and his wife might draw nearer and nearer together, as time should leave the grey shadow falater and falater in the distance, still there must ever lie in his bosom a secret hidden from her who ought, if marriages *are* made in Heaven, to be the sharer of his inmost thoughts. For in the entireness of such confidence alone is the holiness and happiness of marriage. So he said nothing, but gave a sigh of relief.

Not so, Mrs. Braddick. For once she was deeply interested in a subject, and so she pursued it.

"I wonder if anything could make Miss Linden like Richard? I fear not, for he has an unfortunate way of making one afraid of him. Not exactly afraid, but one is never certain whether he's in jest or earnest, and it makes one feel uncomfortable. Of course Miss Linden could not like him, but do you know, Charles, I like her all the better for refusing him. Many a woman in her place would have accepted him at once, whether she liked him or not. What a settlement it would have been for her! I call it noble, disinterested, unmercenary."

"Pooh, my dear, she did not care about him."

"Still, if Richard were not so disagreeable, I mean if he had not that unfortunate way about him, there's something rather striking and *distingué*, in his appearance; his eyes are good, and—"

"My dear, I have no doubt you will make Richard out to be an Adonis presently."

"Not at all. Still it seems strange. I see it, I see it all," cried Mrs. Braddick, with sudden animation; "she has had an early attachment, don't you think she has?"

"Pshaw."

"I feel sure of it, Charles, and I think it most interesting. If she had been here a little longer, and we had become better acquainted, she would have told me all about it."

"I am sure—" began Mr. Braddick, hesitatingly.

"Yes, so am I," said his wife, complacently, "and I dare say the reason she left so suddenly was on account of Richard. What a pity, because Richard is sure to go to Trenholm, he likes it so much better than Etheredge Court, and then there would be no reason why she should not be here. That is delightful, we will have her back again!"

"I think, perhaps, after all, we had better leave matters as they are," returned Mr. Braddick.

"Now, Charles, why you should be opposed to what would be for the children's good and for my comfort, I cannot understand; and, besides, as a mere matter of gratitude, think what we owe to her for nursing Charley through the fever."

Mr. Braddick was silent for a moment.

"Our best way of showing our gratitude is by allowing Miss Linden to pursue her own course, and not to intrude when she so plainly shows us she wishes to have no connection with Etheredge Court."

"I believe, Charles, you are still afraid about Richard. I think you and Richard are two of the most incomprehensible men I know. Richard has quite deceived me: I shall never trust to understanding him again; and I am beginning to think that I may be almost as much misled about you."

Mr. Braddick shrugged his shoulders, his conscience was not quite easy, and the inner voice said, "More so." But Mr. Braddick made no spoken comment.

"I should so like to have Miss Linden for a sister!"

The words, as Mrs. Braddick uttered them, had something almost pathetic in them, and as her husband gazed on his wife this pleading for her unknown rival smote upon his heart. He bent forward, and kissed her. And she, unconscious of his thoughts, returned the kiss, and said:—

"Ah! I think you will yet help me about Miss Linden."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Something About Sunstroke.

The recent intensity of solar heat has, as usual, given rise to a considerable number of fatal results consequent upon direct exposure to its influence. A few words of information upon the nature of this dangerous affection will no doubt be interesting, and may also have their use in enabling the reader to avoid so sudden an exit from subsolar existence.

It is rather a singular fact that sunstroke is more fatal and more frequent in the temperate than in the torrid zone. New York has more cases than Havana or Rio, in proportion to population, even in Quebec the danger is quite as great, in the few days of intense heat allotted to that region, as in any part of the world. The indications of the thermometer are very imperfect guides in regard to the action of heat upon the animal frame. "The true indication of the force of the solar rays," says Herschel, "would seem to be, not the statical effect on the thermometer, but their momentary intensity measured by the velocity with which they communicate heat to an absorbent body." It is this "momentary intensity" which causes the phenomenon of sunstroke, and which seems to be greater in regions without than within the tropics.

When the head is exposed to the sun's rays in times of their greatest intensity, the heat seems often to cause instant inflammatory action in the contents of the skull. The sufferer experiences intense headache, succeeded by vomiting; he then falls breathless, and, unless instant assistance be given, turns black in the face and expires. Victims of sunstroke are most often laborers, and intoxicating drinks strongly predispose to this sudden inflammation of the cranial organs. Any constriction about the neck, from tight cravats or collars, also predisposes to sunstroke, and generally any depressing agents, mental or physical, lessen the resisting power of the body to this as to other diseases.

Terrestrial radiation of the sun's heat seems to bear an important part in the production of sunstroke. At sea, and on small islands, such a result is very uncommon, no matter how intensely the sun's rays beat down; while inland, and especially in large cities, where stony pavements and long ranges of buildings combine to add their radiant caloric to the direct action of the sun, fatal cases most often occur.

One of the best protectives against sunstroke is the sun umbrellas, universally used in our Southern cities, but rarely seen at the North, where, during our short but fiery summer, they are even more necessary. If, in addition to this, cravats and dress hats are discarded, the hair clipped close, all alcoholic beverages strictly eschewed, animal food reduced to a minimum, and ice drinks, water, soda water or lemonade, freely but temperately indulged in, we may confidently continue our usual out-door avocations without danger.

Laboring men, who cannot carry sun umbrellas, will find their greatest safety in tectotalism, at least during the heated term, with frequent washing of the head in cold water while at work in the sun, and immediate abandonment of labor on the occurrence of dizziness or sickness at the stomach. For one sun-struck, the most effective plan is removal to shelter, free application of cold water to the head, water to drink if the patient can swallow, and medical aid without delay. A favorite treatment of sunstroke in the army, said to have been very successful, was the continuous dashing of the patient's body with cold water until revival took place—often for an hour or more—with plenty of water to drink, when swallowing was possible. A trial of this in civil practice is certainly justifiable, seeing that under the usual treatment every case terminates fatally.—*Boston Commercial.*

HORSE-FLESH IN PARIS.—The Prefect of Police in Paris has issued certain regulations under which the sale of horse-flesh is permitted in the city. The animals are to be killed in public slaughter-houses, in the presence of competent government officials, after a previous examination; the meat is to be stamped before its removal, which is to be effected in close vehicles, and the shops which are allotted for its sale will be intimated by special sign. Any restaurant selling horse-flesh without clearly announcing the fact, or which shall fraudulently mix it with other meat, will be liable to punishment under the penal code.

SMOKE CONSUMPTION.—A new invention for consuming smoke and economizing fuel, has been applied to the steam engine furnaces at several large works in Sheffield, England. The novelty consists in supplying the furnace with hot instead of cold air for consumption, and feeding the boiler with boiling instead of cold water. The air is heated by being drawn through flues along each side of the boiler, and it passes from the flues into the furnace through small perforations in the brickwork forming the sides of the furnace. It is thus distributed evenly over the whole surface of the fire.

THE "DUNKERS"—This religious sect held their annual meeting, near Waynesboro', Pennsylvania, a few days ago. Among the questions submitted and decided by the meeting was:—"Shall we receive colored persons into our church; and shall we salute them with the holy kiss?" The meeting decided that they should be received, but that the question of kissing each member could decide for himself, with the understanding, however, that those who refused the kiss were to be regarded as "weak brethren!"

A Very Hard Case.

BY HENRY HERZ.

On the 2nd of November, 18—, I quitted Liverpool for Boston in the royal mail steamship "Caledonia." As I stood on the wharf ready to embark, I saw a man whose face was not unknown to me moving to and fro with an uneasy air, asking to speak to the captain of the ship.

The history of this person, who was the possessor of a great fortune, and was very well known in Paris, is worth telling. It is both sinister and amusing.

"Captain! captain! where is the captain?" exclaimed M. X——.

The captain made his appearance.

"My trunks, Mr. Captain! where are my trunks?"

The captain replied in English, "I don't understand you."

M. X—— said, "Hang such a language! Why don't the English speak French? It would be far more convenient all round. Good heavens! if I only knew where my trunks were."

Seeing M. X——'s embarrassement, I offered to be his interpreter, although Lord Byron's language was not very familiar to me at that time.

M. X—— took me affectionately by the hand, saying,

"What a service you do me, sir! I have eighteen trunks and—"

"You have eighteen trunks!" I exclaimed, with great astonishment.

"Yes, and they are not one too many when a man is going to the New World. Unfortunately, here I am about to sail, and I cannot find my trunks high or low—although eighteen trunks are anything but like a needle in a haystack."

I made inquiries, and M. X——'s eighteen trunks were found and put on board the steamship. An hour afterward we were at sea. The sea was smooth, but the wind was freshening, and threatened foul weather for the next day.

M. X—— said to me in a disdainful tone, "I am disappointed in the ocean. It is wide I grant you, and deep, but it is perfectly flat."

"It is not always flat; and perhaps you may regret to-morrow that it is so high."

"My opinion is, sir, the ocean has been overlauded to humiliate the rivers; which is all the greater injustice; for I should like to know what would become of the ocean if it were not for the rivers. I assure you, I have no private reason for lauding rivers to the ocean's detriment; but I do love justice, and I must say the ocean is very flat."

The wind freshened more and more. Presently the steamship labored as she ploughed her way through the waves, which at first were slight enough, but now began to swell and break with fury on the steamship's bow.

M. X—— began to look pale. I, too, began to feel the first effects of the vessel's pitching.

He said to me, "I don't know what is the matter with me to-day, but I don't feel well."

"Nor do I."

"And yet I ate a very hearty breakfast."

"So did I."

"But I don't think I shall dine with so good an appetite."

"Neither shall I."

"The trouble seems to be with the stomach."

"Aye."

"It is very odd."

"Oh, no. It is perfectly natural."

"It strikes me the sea is not as flat as it was."

"Are you less disappointed in it?"

"Yes, but more disappointed with myself. Why, how the steamship rolls! It is agreeable, and yet confoundedly disagreeable. Ah, *mon dieu!* I begin to believe I am poisoned."

"Oh, no; you are sea-sick as well as I."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it."

"Well, after all, I am glad I sailed."

A person at this moment called me by name. M. X—— shook me affectionately by the hand, and asked what I was going to America for.

I replied, "To see the country and give concerts."

"I lay you cannot guess the object of my voyage. I am going to New Orleans. I am in love."

"In love! That is something serious."

"Yes, I am in love with a woman I met at a ball given at the Hotel de Ville. I never saw anything like her—beautiful, tall, fascinating eyes, and something superb in all her motions, which fires the senses while at the same time it inspires respect. In fine, she is a marvel."

"Of course, this marvel is an unmarried lady?"

"No, she is married, and lives with her husband in New Orleans."

"But then—if she is married?"

"Oh, that's no matter."

"What! that no obstacle?"

"I reckon upon transferring her husband to a lunatic asylum as a madman. As soon as his insanity is proved by decree of court, his wife will sue out a divorce. Then I shall marry her. To be prepared for this happy event, I have filled a portion of my trunks with presents for my future wife."

"Really that is an excellent idea, and it proves you possess a most fruitful imagination."

"Love makes men ingenious. And I do so adore her, she is so beautiful! Come down into my cabin and let me read you some of the letters she has written to me. You will see how elegant and impassioned is her style. 'Tis Heloïs born a Creole—that is indolence allied with the most exalted sentiments."

"You are a very happy man."

"Indeed I am a very, very happy man."

I wished to remain on deck, having great need of breathing fresh air; but M. X—— insisted so much and so earnestly I was obliged to yield. When M. X—— saw there were several beds in his cabin he became furious.

He said: "This is horrible. I have been swindled. What! I have paid four hundred and eighty dollars, and I shall not be alone in my cabin! And pray who is going to sleep with me?"

The butler replied, "An Englishman, sir."

"An Englishman! And why do you stick an Englishman with me? Is it because I cannot speak English? No, I have never slept with an Englishman, and I never will sleep with an Englishman."

The captain was summoned. When M. X—— was convinced he could not have a cabin entirely to himself, he begged me to take the Englishman's place. The latter consented to this change of cabins. I became M. X——'s shipmate. He made me read two or three letters of his beautiful Creole every day. He had at least forty of them.

I had been some months in America, when, after landing in New Orleans, I met M. X——. He said to me, "Well, it was perfectly successful."

"It! What?"

"Why, my scheme. I had the husband sent to an insane asylum; the divorce was decided, and I married his wife."

M. X—— spoke with perfect seriousness. I was full of horror to think of so monstrous an act. I said to him, "You have resorted to abominable means to satisfy your love. Have you no remorse?"

"No, I have no remorse, but I have some regret at having succeeded so well. If it was not much more difficult to get a sane man out of a mad-house than to send him there, to declare a divorce null than to dissolve a marriage, and if it was not impossible to persuade an unmarried husband to remarry his old wife, long, long ago the poor husband would have resumed his original position and I mine."

"Has not your marriage proved a happy one?"

"Alas! I have discovered too late that happiness is not to be found in this world, either in the New or the Old World."

The fascinating Creole who had, with so much alacrity, taken measures to get her first husband declared a lunatic, made her second husband so unhappy by her incessant whims and caprices, that M. X—— became really crazy. He was carried to an insane asylum upon good ground of reason, and he soon died there in a state of complete prostration.

As for the first husband, the pseudo-lunatic, he laughed heartily when he heard the tragic end of his successor to the favors of his extender half. He obtained his liberty, and confessed he had cheerfully feigned lunacy, because he was afraid he would really become so if he did not get rid of his wife.

The greater lunatic of the two was not he who passed for the madman.—*Every Saturday.*

A Literary Neighborhood.

A London correspondent writes:

"In the northwestern corner of London, near the beautiful open fields of Kensal Green and Kilburn, there is formed by the junction of two canals a very pretty lakelet, on one side of which is a noble row of houses forming Warwick Crescent, while the other side is built in villas, and called Bloomfield Road. One of the finest houses in Warwick Crescent was the London residence of the gifted Mrs. Browning, and is still occupied by her husband, Robert Browning. Friends in passing point to an upper window of the elegant mansion, and say, 'That was the room in which Mrs. Browning studied and wrote.' Almost any fine day the past three years, you would have seen a crowd of people collected on the bridge and watching the magnificent rowing of a young fellow on the little lake. That young fellow is the son, of Florentine birth, so often and exquisitely referred to in the poems of Mrs. Browning. Whether or not he will ever develope any of the literary genius of his parents, he is unquestionably a splendid boatman. He is now about seventeen; goes to Oxford this year; and will be a good 'muscular Christian,' even if he does not excel as poet and scholar.

"Just across the lakelet, in one of the elegant villas of Bloomfield Road, lives another man of mark and fame in the world—a poet, an orator, a patriot, and an exile. It is Gottfried Kinkel, the story of whose release from the Prussian prison by the daring ingenuity of Carl Shurz was recently told in a Paris paper, L'Evenement.

"I remember as a boy seeing Dr. Kinkel on his visit to the United States. What a magnificent specimen of manly beauty, and even of majesty, he was! When, after the lapse of so many years, I met him again in London, I found traces of time, of toil, anxiety, disappointment, and grief. His hair, which once was black as the raven's plume, is now white; he is getting bald; and that athletic frame, which Prussian cruelty could not bow, is beginning to yield to the weight of years and sorrow. He has had deep domestic sorrows, of which I need not speak; and the great grief of his heart must be the blighting of the patriot's hope for Germany. He has toiled most industriously, first in Edinburgh, then in London. He has achieved the highest position as a lecturer on art and literature, and now the crown of honor and of success is his recent appointment to a Professorship in the renowned University of Zurich. He has accepted the position, and will enter upon its duties in September.

"Before leaving this beautiful spot by the little London lake, let me mention the names of some other celebrities who live near. Just round a corner, and down a short street, you come into Westbourne Terrace, where lives the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, and where the great Richard Cobden used to dwell. Seen from the back windows of Dr. Kinkel's house is the residence of Campanella, the Italian exile, to call upon whom Garibaldi, two years ago, startled our quiet neighborhood by his more than regal presence. A little way from Campanella's house is a street called St. John's Wood Road, where lives the artist Sir Edwin Landseer. In the little churchyard of St. Mary's, which is near our lakelet on another side, are the graves of Mrs. Siddons and of poor Tom Hayden, the artist.

THE LAST PARIS FASHION.—I have to announce, says a writer from the centre of fashion, one of the oddest, queerest, strangest, most curious, unaccountable, inconceivable, incomprehensible, extraordinary, wildest and ugliest inventions ever devised by fancy or fashion, and that is "false eyelashes." The Empress has mentioned them—has put her seal upon the patent. Imagine courting a lovely Hebe, with a mass of golden curls covering her neck and shoulders, and with long lashes veiling her eyes, like a beautiful silk fringe; and then imagine, if you can, seeing one by one of the curls and lashes disappear within the recess of a board card-box.

THE PORTLAND FIRE.—It is announced, as a curious circumstance connected with the late fire at Portland, that the magnitude of the conflagration served to some extent as a check to the progress of the flames. The great volume of heated air rising caused the cold air to rush in with much force to fill the immense vacuum, and on the northern side of the city it had the effect of a contrary wind and blew the flames back. But it is always the case with all large fires, which have thus a natural tendency to limit themselves.

Maximilian's Heir.

The Son of Madame Alice Iturbide.

FROM THE WASHINGTON STAR.

There is no American man nor woman who would not hail with pleasure news of the enforced departure of Maximilian from Mexico, to which consummation events seem slowly but surely tending. But their gratification would be as nothing in comparison with the joy which such intelligence would convey to one American lady, as she might then hope for a speedy reunion with a loved and only child, from which she is now cruelly separated. We refer to Madame Alice Iturbide (formerly Miss Green, of Rosedale, near Georgetown, in this District, now wife of the lineal successor to the throne of Mexico,) whose son was adopted (?) by Maximilian a few months since, the child being then about two-and-a-half years old.

As the facts in regard to this matter have not been generally understood in this country, and have been the subject of much ignorant, and more or less intentional misrepresentation, we propose to briefly review some of the attending circumstances in this extraordinary case.

The child was already a great favorite with many of the oldest and best families—the loyalists—of Mexico. Maximilian was not. The adoption of this child, therefore, as his heir, would, he conceived, be a powerful element in strengthening his waning cause, and would enable him to form a native party friendly to his interests. Whether the idea originated with Maximilian or Napoleon is not known, but it was promptly acted on. Extraordinary means were used to get the parents' consent to part with their child. The father steadfastly persisted in his opposition to the scheme throughout, but the mother, overcome by the promise of a brilliant future for her son, urged by her husband's brother (Augustin Iturbide,) and others of the family, goaded by the intimation that the child would be taken with or without her consent, and never dreaming that the adoption of the infant by the Emperor would lead to her immediate separation from it, reluctantly signed a document giving her consent.

She thought her child would have a mother's care; at least until it was old enough to be sent to Europe to be educated. Imagine her consternation and grief on receiving, the day after her son was taken to the palace, an intimation from official sources that the air of Mexico was unwholesome for the Iturbide family, and that a speedy trip to Europe might be beneficial to them. The banished family at once prepared to comply with the Imperial mandate, and hurriedly packing up such necessary articles as could be conveniently transported, started without delay for the sea coast, the mother almost frantic. At Puebla her grief became unendurable, and, determined to make an effort to recover their child, she at once returned to the city of Mexico and appealed to the Emperor to allow her either to take her son, or to live with him at the palace. The only answer she received was a peremptory order to leave the country.

Almost heart-broken, she came to the United States, and appealed to the authorities here, but, in consequence of her written consent to the Emperor's adoption of the child, no action could be taken. Resolved to leave no stone unturned to accomplish the one object she had in view, she proceeded at once to Paris to appeal to the French Emperor. She is still in the capital of France, and has had from Louis Napoleon partial promises from time to time, which have encouraged her to hope for a reunion with her child at no distant period. Hope deferred makes the heart sick, it is said, and Mrs. Iturbide having lost all confidence in Napoleon and Maximilian, is now about to return to this country with her object unaccomplished.

The child is well cared for by Maximilian, and receives the treatment of a prince. It has a suite of rooms assigned to it, and numerous attendants, and takes an airing every fine day in the royal equipage. Americans writing from the city of Mexico, describe this little one as a bright, intelligent, handsome boy, about three years old, with an unmistakable North American—in other words Yankee—stamp of features and expression. No matter what were the motives for the adoption of the child, the act was in itself unobjectionable; but the banishment of the Iturbide family and the separation of mother and infant, were tyrannical and cruel, and Mrs. Iturbide, who is nearly allied to many old and prominent families here and in Maryland, has the entire sympathy of this community in her trouble.

THE VAGARIES OF THE HUMAN INTELLECT.—To ex-Governor Pollock, Director of the United States Mint, twice a year comes a shambling, ill-clad man, who claims to be entitled to the interest of some millions of dollars. Every usher at the Mint knows him, and treats him with sympathy and tenderness. Gov. Pollock converses with him kindly, and with the assurances that the government must "very soon" be ready to settle with him, the unfortunate monomaniac takes his leave. He does not reappear for six months. There are a number of such characters in the city. Mr. Treasurer Bumm has several regular applicants of the same kind. He recently received a note from a man who claimed that he had lost forty millions of dollars during the war, that the city was bound to make good to him. He has been an every-day visitor, lately, at Mr. Treasurer Bumm's office, offering to compromise at fifty cents on the dollar. *Poor fellows.—Philada. North American.*

A CHANGE OF COSTUME IN ENGLAND.—The Pall Mall Gazette for June 28 says:—Court suits were dispensed with for members of the House of Commons at the Speaker's dinner last night for the first time. And Mr. Bright, in a plain black suit, made his first appearance at the Speaker's dinner-table, as did Mr. J. S. Mill, Mr. J. B. Smith and others, like the American minister, also present, who did not take kindly to the costume of the worst period of English taste. This instance of the Speaker's courage may inspire the Lord Chamberlain to propose some reasonable amendments of costume for the consideration of the Queen. As the garments of George the Second's time has been changed in the army and navy and other services, civilians should be permitted to exchange frills, bag wigs, swords and knee-breeches, for a costume more consistent with the fashions of the time.

☞ Quiz says, that the report that the Maine coasters drop shingles overboard every half mile, so as to know the way back, is wholly without any foundation.

Beer vs. Wine.

An American now travelling in Germany writes as follows to a western paper:

"In Southern Germany, where wine is not at all dear, beer has almost entirely supplanted it in popular favor, and in Switzerland it is rapidly doing so. The demand for beer is not easily met even in Bavaria, where it is made in altogether the largest quantities of any German state, and the price at the breweries is two cents a glass, while at railway stations, and indeed in almost all public places, it is three cents a glass. In Northern Germany, even in Saxony and Southern Prussia, the Bavarian beer, is in such repute as to command six cents the glass, and to sell freely at that price. In Switzerland it is still more dear, a quart bottle costing more than a franc. The demand is rapidly increasing, and while the vineyards are a good source of income, the breweries are yet more valuable. In France, too, beer is becoming more and more a favorite; and, indeed, it is a fact that in all the countries with which I have any acquaintance there is the same rapid increase in the demand for beer, which we have witnessed during the past few years in America. Before it wine seems to stand no chance; almost every one prefers the slight bitterness, the imagined nourishment and real strength of the Bavarian bier to the thinness and sourness of the native wines of this country."

☞ The Philadelphia Ledger says that it is safe and easy enough to *darken* the color of the hair. A weak solution of acetate of iron will, it is said, effect this, and, mixed with a little glycerine, if rubbed daily into the hair, will permanently darken it and benefit the health besides. After a certain age, iron and sulphuret of potassium, the latter to restore the decreasing sulphur, may be useful.

☞ It is reported that a marked change in the Horse-Shoe Falls, at Niagara, has occurred within a few days. Large portions of rock have given way in the centre of the shoe, giving the falls now more of a triangular appearance, which is said to add to its beauty. It has been demonstrated that the falls recede ten or twelve inches a year.

☞ The Milwaukee Sentinel says an old lady arrived in that city in the last company of emigrants from Norway, who is now nearly a hundred and five years of age. She had in the company four children, all married, twenty grand children, fifteen of whom are married, forty-four great grand children, six of whom are married, and ten great great grand children, making in all seventy-eight descendants—or, adding the husbands and wives, a family of a hundred and three persons.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

No sooner does an article of real value appear and become popular, than it is counterfeited by unprincipled persons, who thus attempt to enrich themselves by deceiving the public. We are glad to see by a recent decision made by our Bureau of Agriculture and Statistics, that the public are to be protected against other counterfeits, as well as counterfeit Bank Notes. The suit was brought by Messrs. *Perry Davis & Son*, of Providence, R. I., for the enregistration of their Trade Mark "Pain Killer," against a party in Montreal, who had already enregistered a counterfeit of the same. The Bureau, after a careful hearing of the case, decided that Perry Davis & Son, who had manufactured and sold the "Pain Killer," a valuable and popular medicine, for many years, were entitled to the protection of the Bureau against all counterfeits, enregistering their trade mark, and cancelling the one already registered, thus protecting the industry of the manufacturer and the public at the same time.—*Ottawa Times.*

No Disappointment. Never Fails.

"Itch"	Cures in from 12 to 48 hours.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Cures	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Itching Piles,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Salt-rheum, Scald-head, Rash,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	all Skin Diseases.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Price 50 cents.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	By sending 60 cents to	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Dr. Swayne & Son,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	No. 330 North Sixth St., Phila.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	A box will be sent by mail, post-	"Tetter."
"Itch"	age paid, to any address.	"Tetter."

Sold by all the leading Druggists. mar24-eowly

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been very dull. About 4000 bbls sold at $7,50@8,25 ₩ bbl for superfine; $8,40@9,25 for extras; $10@11 for low grade and good North-west extra family; $11@12 for Pennsylvania and Ohio family, and $13@15 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour is dull at $6,25 @6,50 ₩ bbl. We quote Pennsylvania Meal at $4,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat is limited; 12,000 bus new Delaware red sold at from $2,60 to $2,85 ₩ bus, as to quality; 1000 bus choice do at $2,95; 1800 do Chicago spring Wheat at $2@2,15, and a small lot of old white Wheat at $2,85 ₩ bus. Rye—2000 bus Pennsylvania sold at $1,02 ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 15,000 bus prime yellow at 93 to 95c, and 30,000 bus Western mixed at 90 to 92c ₩ bus. Oats—20,000 bus Western sold at 50 to 53c, 5000 do Pennsylvania at 52 to 53c, and small lots of Delaware at 53 to 55c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is no change to notice. Small sales are making at $32,50@33 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 20@26c ₩ lb for Bacon Hams; 19@20c for pickled do; 16@16½c for salt Shoulders; 22@23½c for Lard, in bbls and tcs, and 22@27c ₩ lb for Butter, as to quality. Cheese—Sales of New York at 12@13c. Eggs are selling at 24@25c ₩ doz.

COTTON—Sales comprise about 700 bales of middlings, in lots, at from 36@38c ₩ lb for Uplands and New Orleans.

BARK—Small sales No 1 Quercitron are making at $34@35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—About 1900 lbs of yellow sold at 40c ₩ lb.

COAL—Cargo sales are making at $6@6,25 for White Ash, and $5@5,50 ₩ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Small sales are making at 75@80c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $3@5 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples are scarce.

GROCERIES—In Coffee there is more doing; 4000 bags Rio sold at 12½c ₩ lb, gold; Sugar is unchanged; 400 hhds Cuba sold at 10½c ₩ lb, currency.

HOPS—Small sales of Eastern and Western are making at from 40@70c ₩ lb, as to quality.

PLASTER—Soft is quoted at $4,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed continues scarce. Small sales of prime are reported at $7@7,50 ₩ 64 lbs. Flaxseed is also scarce at $3,40 ₩ bus. Timothy is quoted at $3@3,25 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells in a small way at $2 50@2,55 ₩ gallon. Whiskey; small sales of bbls are making at $2,22@2,24 for Penns and $2 24@2,29 ₩ gallon for Ohio.

TALLOW—20,000 lbs city rendered sold at 12½c, and small lots of country at 11½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market is very dull; about 100,000 lbs sold in lots at from 65@66c for extra; 62@65c for fine; 60@63c for medium; 54@55c for coarse; 55@60c for tub washed, and 43@46c ₩ lb for No 1 Western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 17½@18c ₩ lb. 220 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—900 head were disposed of at from 6@6½c ₩ lb. 1500 Hogs sold at from $15,50 @14,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. ja16-6m

HEALTH, the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss is found in AYER'S MEDICINES, after a fruitless search among other remedies. A word to the wise is sufficient. jy21-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—DIARRHŒA.—A sudden suppression of the evacuations frequently ends in collapse. The action of Holloway's medicines are based on a more rational principle; by combining with the depraved humors they neutralize and expel them through the natural channels. They purify the fluids, cleanse the bowels, invigorate the stomach, and by regulating the various functions restore the body to its normal state of health. Sold by all Druggists, at 25c, 62c, and $1 per box.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JAMES W. BUTTERFIELD to Miss LYDIA J. BARDSLEY, both of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D., Mr. GEORGE W. RIPPLE, Jr., to Miss SALLIE S. ROBBINS, both of Delaware county.

On the 17th of June, by the Rev. Dr. Greenbank, Mr. DAVID W. MACKIRE to EMALINDA BEAL, of Bustleton.

On the 28th of June, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. JAMES RUTH to Miss MINA GIBSON, both of Frankford.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. J. M. Knox, D. D., Mr. CHARLTON H. ROYAL to Miss AGNES, daughter of Thos. MacKellar, Esq., both of Germantown.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, Louis R. FONTAINE to Miss MILLIE A. V. MAULL, daughter of the late Jos. E. Maull, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, NOAH R. GRAHAM, aged 56 years.

On the 16th instant, MARY GIBBONS, in her 60th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. SARAH MILLER, aged 64 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. MARIA STOKES, in her 74th year.

On the 15th instant, WILLIAM PATTEN, in his 76th year.

On the 14th instant, Mr. WILLIAM HILL, in his 69th year.

On the 14th instant, Mr. WILLIAM CHAMBERS, aged 47 years.

On the 13th instant, LEWIS H. SMITH, in his 27th year.

On the 13th instant, THOMAS J. JEVENS, in his 45th year.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
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WIT AND HUMOR.

AN ESSA ON THE MUNE.

By Ichabod Brinks.

In selectin a subjeck of a loominary character I dont wish to be understood as havin enny-thing agin asteronomical sciences, for I have allers bin, from my youth up to the present ritin, a luver of nater in all her modes and tenses. I luv to listen to the wobblin of the fethered birds when they are a washin their-selves in the mudpuddle; I luv to lay on the warm grass under a tree in hayin time, and see the other fellers a mowin; I luv to sit beside of sum plassid murmerin stream, when the muskeeters dont bite, and mews upon the gushin buties of airth. At sich times my more sensytive feelins are deeply affected both innard and outwardly, and I can diskiver things which in my more normal sense I shouldn't note. The breeze a sighin through the trees is moosick more butiful than hamp orgin can git up. The buzzin of the insex, the crokin of the bullfrogs, and the blastin of the sheepskin up all the ideeal romans of my sole and I invariably burst out into poitry. My feelins must git vent and then I kerlaps into my usual *sing fror*. (That last expression is from a forrin tong.) I pity the feller what haint got no inspiration into him; he aint nobuddy, and he's only fit to dig clams, or foller polytix, or sum such meanial perfession.

But I perposed to speak of the mune, and shouldn't have wanderd off onto the uther planits. Of all the heavinly bodies the mune seems the nighest to us and is most looked up to. It gives lite in the nite time when its dark, thairfore is of more account than the sun which only shines in the da-time when its lite enuff. It dont rise in the mornin like the sun dus, but gits up at all times o' day and sets vicey versy. There is various and indistinct opinions about the origin of the mune. Sum say its made of green cheese, while others think there's a man in it, but the fylosofers say its a volcano what busted up on the airth, flew off into space, and gittin turned inside out couldent git back agin. But these are only superstitions and should be treated as sich. We shant probably no for sartin till Agassee gits home from his fishin tower. However it don't signify to us common folx; the fact is there, and so is the mune.

To continner my digression. The mune is peculiar in sum things as well as others, and has got faces and horns. When its new you cant see it. It has a powerful effect on the wether, and when it gets full, foaks with weak brains cant sleep, dorgs bark at it, and roosters crow afore its mornin. It is also very attractive, for when it rises, the waters of the sea foller it a piece, but when it sets they go back agin to the salty deep whence they came from. Farmers sow passe onto the full of the mune so they won't gro wrong.

Thats about all I can tell about it, exceptin that its lite is very agreeable to the taste, and it is much used by young foaks to court by.—*Portland Transcript.*

Cured of Boasting.

In the quiet country village of L—— lived young Tom Burton. He had an insufferable amount of vanity, and was continually prating about his adventures with men, beasts, and creeping things. To hear his own story, he was the hero of a thousand bloody encounters. Jack Hood determined to put his courage to the test. Coming to him one afternoon, greatly agitated, Hood said:—

"Burton, a person has threatened to shoot me to-day, and I want to know whether I can rely on you for assistance."

"Oh, certainly," pompously responded he. "I will not see a hair of your head injured!"

Proceeding down the street arm-in-arm, according to the arrangement, some one suddenly stepped from behind a building and commenced firing rapid shots at Hood. Burton thought it would be his turn next, and seeing his companion in arms fall, took "leg bail," and was soon out of all danger. As soon as he was fairly out of sight, Hood coolly arose and concealed himself, to watch further developments. In the course of several hours Burton returned to town, and seeking the hotel bar-room with woeful countenance, inquired when poor Hood was going to be buried! The roar of laughter that followed was perfectly stunning, and effectually cured him of his habit of boasting.

A Slight Difference.—A gentleman of Albany, says the Utica Observer, who is somewhat envied for his social culture and chivalry, recently had occasion to telegraph some lady friends in New York city as follows: "Miss ——— goes down this evening to complete her bridal *trousseau*." The message was received at the general office, whence it was forwarded over the city line to an uptown office. The gentleman, afterwards calling on the ladies to whom the telegram was addressed, was received with an air of offended dignity which only ladies can command, who, in reply to his request for an explanation, demanded why he had presumed to send them such a dispatch, which, being procured, *read*, to the horror of the gentleman, thus: "Miss ——— goes down this evening to complete her bridal *trousers*."

She Wasn't a Heathen.—Some gentlemen called upon an old woman, and inquired if she had a Bible. She was very angry at being asked such a question, and replied:—

"Do you think, gentlemen, than I am a heathen, that you ask me such a question? Run and fetch the Bible out of the drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen."

They desired she would not take the trouble; but she insisted that they should "see that she was not a heathen." Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered. On opening it, the old woman exclaimed:—

"Well, how glad I am that you called and asked about the Bible! Here are my spectacles. I have been looking for them these three years, and did not know where to find them."

☞ A young lady said to her beau as she held out a pot of hot water in her hand: 'Promise to marry me or I will scald you." "*Throw the water*," said he, "I'd rather be scalded *once*, than *every day* of my life."

☞ Curious Collection of Names.—In Gloucestershire, England, there is a little village called Blackenney, in one of the streets of which dwell three persons, in adjoining houses, whose names are Steel, Pen and Holder.

DELICATELY, BUT FORCIBLY PUT!

Frank.—"Whose dog is this, Miss Mary, that I have just picked up from under the table?"

Miss Mary.—"My dog, Mr. Frank."

Frank.—"*Your* dog! *What* a little beauty! Isn't there some saying about 'Loving me and loving my dog?' Yes? I thought so! The blind and passionate adoration I feel towards this delightful little quadruped is becoming positively *frantic*, I give you my word of honor!"

The Warning Voice.

Captain B———, of the —th Regiment of the line, married a near connection of the narrator. After the ceremony, the pair left London for a small seaport town, in which they had resolved to pass the honeymoon. The beautiful scenery of the neighborhood tempted them to longer and longer daily rambles, and, one night, much fatigued, they had retired somewhat earlier than common, when Mrs. B——— was suddenly aroused from an incipient doze by a confused light in the room, which presently became intensified to an almost painful degree. No unusual object was visible; but a voice proceeding from the foot of the bed, uttered, in low but perfectly distinct accents, these words—

"In three years you will be a widow."

Much alarmed, Mrs. B——— renewed the efforts she had already made to awaken Captain B———, but in vain. As the light died gradually away, her courage returned, and she felt inclined to rejoice that he had been spared hearing this strange prediction. Resolving to conceal it from him, she nevertheless wrote the next day, to her mother, Lady ———, and related all the particulars.

Time passed, and the spring of the third year found the B———'s at Halifax, preparing to embark for England, the passage-money, sixty pounds, having been already paid. On the night before their intended departure, Mrs. B——— had a dream, in which she thought that she was pacing, with her husband, across a vast plain. He hurried her forward so fast and incessantly, that she became alarmed. Night was approaching. Suddenly she withdrew her arm from her husband, when the latter, darting wildly forward, was lost to sight in a sort of rushy swamp that lay in the centre of the plain—the rushes waving and bending over the spot in which he had seemed to disappear.

Awakened by the shock of what had happened, she was conscious of the mysterious light in the room, and recognized the voice she had formerly heard, as it announced—

"The third year has come."

In the morning she told her husband that she had had a very unpleasant dream, which had left upon her mind a strong presentiment that some evil would attend their proposed voyage, and earnestly entreated him to transfer the passage to a much larger and better ship, which would sail in a month's time.

The money having, however, been paid, this arrangement was found impracticable, and they sailed as originally intended. Nothing important happened until the voyage was nearly completed, when one morning Captain B———, hitherto in perfect health, was stricken with paralysis. There was no medical man on board, and the sufferer, on reaching England, was conveyed on shore in an almost hopeless condition.

Contrary to expectation, he rallied considerably, and Mrs. B——— was beginning to feel more at ease respecting him, when one day, after dining with appetite and conversing with unusual animation, he remarked that he felt a little tired, and would lie down on the sofa. He did so, and slept.

As his wife sat watching his tranquil features, the remembrance flashed into her mind that this was the actual anniversary of their marriage. She stooped over to kiss him in affectionate commemoration, but started back in terror. A change had come in the sleeper's face. He was dead!

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Cutting Timber.

Opinions as to the best time for cutting timber, with a view to its lasting, are as various as the kinds of timber in our forests, the times as many as there are months in the year, arguments of all sorts as plentiful as forest leaves, and after all, no period satisfactorily decided.

Now what we need in this timber-cutting question is something more reliable than "I believe so," founded upon a random guess, or a few nonconsecutive experiments taken as the basis of an invariable rule. We need a more thorough and intimate knowledge of the anatomical structure and constituent elements of trees, a better acquaintance with the ebb and flow of sap, its condition and characteristics at different periods, and its agency as a means of preserving or destroying timber after being cut.

This knowledge can only be acquired by diligent study and close investigation, and as the subject is one of very great importance to the whole community, it is certainly deserving of a great deal more attention than has ever been bestowed upon it.

If any one shall be able to discover the infallible means by which we shall at all times be able to tell whether we ought or ought not to cut any kind of timber with a view to its longest period of duration, he will be a public benefactor, and entitled to our best thanks.

In order to do this we must turn our attention to the sap exclusively, and investigate its chemical condition at different periods; for the sap of trees is subject to a wider range of changes than the blood of men or animals, or the ordinary juices of vegetables that are not trees.

To say, as we have often heard people:—"The sap is out of the wood now" is a very great mistake. Sap is never out of the wood in a standing state until the tree be dead and dry as a horn all through.

The sap of the majority of our forest trees contains a considerable per centum of a resinous, gummy substance in a fluid condition, which without consulting higher authorities we have ventured to call *semencum*, and this gummy material is precipitated and deposited mostly at the extremities of the new growth of wood, and the base of all buds, as a general rule about the time the wood ceases its growth, and before the leaves begin to change color. But the rule is by no means invariable, even in the same species of wood. Sometimes the sap will have made all its deposits in the first three or four weeks of wood growth, sometimes not until after all the foliage is shed, and in other instances the ebb of sap leaves the *semencum* partially precipitated in the water courses of the trunk where it remains inert until another flow floats and sends it up to its destination.

Now the health and best vigor of the tree depends as much upon the regular periodical deposits of this field gum in its proper place, as the health of humanity does upon the regular and unobstructed exhalations from the surface of the body, and the sap failing to perform its functions in a proper manner, the tree falls into a decline and diseased condition as surely as our bodies do into all sorts of pains and penalties dependent upon and following a clogged up condition of the pores of the skin.

Timber having this gummy fluid held in suspension in its pores in any considerable quantity will not last, no matter at what season it may be cut. On the other hand, if an experiment simple and reliable, shows the sap free from all traces of *semencum*, cut the timber, though it be June, January, or any other month. It will last the longest that that variety of timber will ever last.

Some trees have in their sap no appreciable trace of this peculiar gum at any season. Other kinds have it in solution in sap or in deposit in the ducts at all seasons. These last are never lasting woods, as the white and black gums, white ash, the maples, white beech, &c. The trees which do not exhibit this principle are supplied with a preservative substitute in some other form, as for instance, firs, spruce, and pitch pine, which are kept from decay by the balsamic properties of their sap, and the red elm and black ash, swamp oak, &c., which have an alkaline sap that drying up within them virtually kyanizes the wood. The white beech having in excess, and in its veins at all seasons of the year, this sap *semencum*, cut and exposed to the weather will rot sooner than perhaps any other of our North American woods.

As a general rule August and the first half of September is probably the most proper season to cut ship timber, fencing material, or wood for any other purpose where duration is the desideratum; but in order to be certain that we are not making a mistake let us hack out a chip, say a foot or so in length, from the tree we design to cut, and place it over a fire in such a position that it shall burn only in the centre. Then watch the sap ooze and bubble and fizzle at the ends. After two or three minutes hold the wet ends to the fire, and dry them. If they dry off clean, leaving no scale or show of gum, cut away at the tree—On the contrary, if there is a glazed, shiny surface after drying, better "spare that tree" till another time and try another; perhaps you will find it in proper condition to cut.

We make no claims to the title of *sap head or servant*, but so much in relation to the influence of sap in a proper condition as an element of duration in timber, we have learned to our own satisfaction by a quarter of a hundred years of investigation and experiments; and merely suggest to such as have any considerable amount of timber to cut that while following the prescription here given will cost nothing, a further investigation of the mysteries of sap science may perhaps prove profitable.

Pretty Profitable Pine.

Talk about the sensation "stretchers" of the late war correspondents. There is a southern pitch-pine story going the rounds of our dailies and weeklies that will beat any war dispatch ever invented by the length of the Atlantic cable. Just look at it, and wonder why editors will cut and copy such stories without a thought.

Some scientific gentlemen of Mississippi are going to distill and carbonize pitch pine wood by a new process, realizing from a cord of green pine wood 25 gallons spirits turpentine, 50 do pine oil, 100 pyroligneous acid, 5 do. alcohol, 1½ bbls. rosin, 1 do. tar, 800 feet best illuminating gas, and 50 bushels of charcoal. Please figure up proceeds at present wholesale prices—$378.55 from a single cord of pitch pine wood. A five-acre wood lot will make a millionaire of a man at that rate.

Gathered Grains.

——Plenty of new wheat in market these two weeks, and a good deal of old coming east, with very moderate shipping demand. Old stock of breadstuffs didn't quite give out before harvest as several interested parties predicted—not very likely to before next harvest if any reliance is to be placed in agricultural reports. Not from the Washington Head Centre; but miscellaneous reliable reports from all over the country.

——Rinderpest out west, on the plains so they say—among the buffalo. That's just what we said two months ago would likely happen. Lots of mysteriously dead buffalo, and lots of dishonest scamps skinning, and curing the hides for market. Whose province is it to lay an embargo on rinderpest buffalo hides? Somebody ought to look to it.

——Something singular about the conduct of some people's bees this year. We have seen four instances, the localities wide apart, where small parties of workers have gone to work without queens in empty hives, building comb and laying in honey, going home to the parent hive to lodge every night. We have heard of several similar instances. What is the meaning of it—or is there any? *Quien sabe!*

——Fair sized summer cabbages have been selling in our city markets these three weeks past at ten to twelve cents per head. Pretty poor economy to buy cabbages for food at that rate, considering it takes seventy pounds of the fodder to give one of real man-making material. Pretty good economy to grow cabbages at such prices though, double cropping the land, too. About equal to being rich, all things considered.

——Pears are promising extraordinarily plenty and boxer in all this region than we have had pears these six years.

RECEIPTS.

Veal in Ragout.—First melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, says Prof. Blot. Cut the veal in chops. Four pounds were used. Use bones and all—the ends and trimmings; may use from the loin or neck. Put them in the pan and stir till brown. Dust in a little flour and stir; add half a pint of broth and stir again; salt and pepper; add a bunch of seasoning. For the ragout take six sliced potatoes and put them in the pan with the veal and boil. This is a very nice dish but a cheap one.

Beefsteak.—One way of dressing steaks is this: make what the French call a *marinde*, with oil, vinegar, slices of onion, a piece of garlic, spices, pepper and salt, and let your steak, beef or mutton, be steeped in it for ten or twelve hours before cooking, turning it at intervals: then cook in the usual way, and serve either *au naturel*, or with parsley and butter. Steak and onions is a well known English dish. I think the custom is to fry the steak with the onions. This is wrong; a fried steak is a mistake. Fry the onions, and broil the steak; then serve the two together.

Haricot Mutton.—Take a piece of mutton, the middle of the neck is best to select, remove all skin and fat; boil some butter in a frying-pan, and place therein the chops, and fry them until they present a light-brown color; arrange them in a stewing pan with bottom onions, turnips, and carrots, neatly cut and overlaid; and upon these pour the boiling butter left in the frying-pan, to which some water must have been added; season this mess discreetly, cover it close, and let it simmer gently until the vegetables are reduced to a state of pulp. Stew in a little water in a seperate saucepan the rough pieces, the skin and fat above alluded to, and with these make the gravy, which when ready mix with the chops. Remove by careful skimming all particles of fat.

Lemon Pudding.—10 oz. bread crumbs, 4 oz beef suet, 4 oz moist sugar, two eggs, the rind and juice of two lemons. Mix together and boil for one hour.

Lemon Preserve.—1 pound pounded loaf sugar, ½ pound butter, six eggs, and the whites of four well-beaten, the rind of two lemons grated and the juice of three. Mix together, and let it simmer till of the consistency of honey. Be careful to stir all the time, or it will burn.

Whips.—One pint of thick cream, half pint of sherry, the rind and juice of one lemon, sugar to your taste, then add the whites of two eggs well beaten, and whisk altogether for ten minutes. Pour the mixture in a jug, let it stand a minute, then stir it up and fill your glasses. The sugar must be rubbed on the lemon so as to get all the flavor of the peel. No mistake can possibly occur if these directions are followed, the mixture will be perfectly clear at the bottom of the glass, and beautifully stiff and frothy at the top.

Ice-Cream.—One pint and a half of milk set on the fire with a tin saucepan; two ounces of sugar, two eggs, and stir with an egg beater; put in some orange rind to flavor; stir continually while on the fire; when you see it is about to boil, take off and strain; wait until it is cool and then put into the freezer and freeze.

Gum Arabic Starch.—Two ounces of fine white gum arabic, and pound it to powder. Next put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the strength you desire; cover it, and let it set all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle; cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch, made into the usual manner, will give to lawns (white or printed) a look of newness, to which nothing else will restore them after washing. It is also good (much diluted) for thin white muslin.

THE RIDDLER.

To Our Correspondents.—There is a scarcity of good enigmas and charades in our riddle-box. Mistakes in spelling condemn an enigma without further examination. The answers to all enigmas, charades, &c., must always accompany them.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 5, 2, 8, 3, 14, 16, is a poetical effusion.
My 16, 4, 3, 15, 12, is one of the properties of a verb.
My 1, 8, 15, 6, is an interjection.
My 19, 7, 16, 3, 15, is a city in France.
My 9, 11, 14, 19, 19, is an instrument of warfare.
My 10, 1, 20, 15, is an adjective pronoun.
My 13, 4, 19, 16, is something pertaining to Saturn.
My 17, 4, 13, 13, 19, 12, is found on the seashore.
My 21, 1, 19, 5, 9, is an entertaining game.
My 22, 2, 19, 19, 7, is a beautiful evergreen.
My whole is a proverb not much regarded.

EUREKA.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 14, 3, 20, 5, 15, 7, 6, is a town in New York.
My 9, 18, 19, 12, 13, 2, 6, 16, is an elevation.
My 17, 10, 11, 4, 21, is an abode.
My whole is a fashionable resort of wealth and beauty during the summer season.

Patersville, N. Y. ALIDA CARNWRIGHT.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An insect.
A man's name.
A pronoun.
A Jewish doctor.
A number.
An insect.
A desert in Asia.
The whole.

The initials and finals form two celebrated battlefields of the rebellion.

Irwin Station, Pa. W. H. MORROW.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Divide 1,200 into three parts, such that the cube of the first, into the square of the second, into the first power of the third shall be a maximum. J. M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Astronomical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On what day of the present year, in the latitude of Philadelphia, does the length of the afternoon exceed the length of the forenoon by the greatest difference possible, reckoning the day to begin at sun-rising, and to end at sun-setting? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat? Ans.—To keep a check upon his stomach.

☞ What is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on? Ans.—War-fare.

☞ From what did the old-fashioned horse-pistol derive its name? Ans.—From its habit of kicking.

☞ Why ought one to have dates at one's fingers' ends? Ans.—Because they grow upon the palm.

☞ What is the difference between a belle and a burglar? Ans.—One wears false locks, and the other false keys.

☞ Why are the ladies of the ballet very kind to their relations? Ans.—Because they are so fond of their grand-pas.

☞ Why is a loiterer like a clock? Ans.—Because he is always going and never gone.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—General William Henry Harrison. ENIGMA—This enigma. RIDDLE—Alida.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of June 2nd—$0.5121 or a trifle over 51 1-2 cents. A. Martin,—29.72 cents. Joseph S. Phelps.

Answer to S. Horace G.'s PROBLEM of same date.—1st side, 2.6827 inches—2nd side, 4.0250 inches; and base is 9 inches. S. Horace G.

Answer to PROBLEM by W. H. Morrow of June 9th—42½ feet. W. H. Morrow and Artemas Martin.

Answer to PROBLEM by Eli Flint, same date—There will be 5.4646 gallons of wine in the cask at the end of one hour. Artemas Martin.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of June 9th—Number of acres 19041.8 and with 1744.96 rods on each side. M. Stevens.

Confectionery.

The use of color in confectionery, the adulterations and poisonous coloring of candies is becoming so frightfully common that it is really unsafe to eat any colored sugar without being perfectly sure of its composition. Cheap candies are colored with preparations of arsenic, lead, copper, mercury, antimony, and adulterated with chalk, plaster of Paris, sand, pipe-clay and starch. Among other deleterious ingredients is Scheele's green, a deadly poison, composed of arsenic and copper. As a general rule all mineral substances, with the exception of fine ultra-marine and Prussian blue, should be avoided. Care should also be taken in the selection of paper for the envelopes of candies and bon-bons. Glazed paper is injurious, and only plain white paper, or paper colored with vegetable substances, can be used with impunity. Brass tinsel is poisonous.